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Watts

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY,

IN

FOUR PARTS:

COMPRISING

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS ABRIDGED;

DR. WATTS'S HYMNS ABRIDGED;

SELECT HYMNS FROM OTHER AUTHORS;

AND

SELECT HARMONY:

Together with

Directions for Musical Expression.

BY SAMUEL WORCESTER, D.D.
PASTOR OF THE TABERNACLE CHURCH, SALEM.

SIXTH EDITION.

BOSTON:
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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS—To wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventh day of January, A. D. 1815, and in the fortieth year of the independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WORCESTER of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*—"Christian Psalmody, in four parts; comprising Dr. Watts's Psalms abridged; Dr. Watts's Hymns abridged; Select Hymns from other Authors; and Select Harmony; together with Directions for Musical Expression. By Samuel Worcester, D. D. Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem."—In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

FLAGG AND GOULD....PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

Among the Psalmists of the Christian Church, Dr. Watts stands pre-eminent. His Psalms and Hymns have an established and consecrated character; and to Christians of sound piety and correct taste, it is matter of devout gratulation and thankfulness, that they are so extensively used, and so highly venerated. The *Book*, however, like the best of human works, has its imperfections. In regard to some subjects it is redundant, in regard to others it is deficient; and some of its contents fall very considerably below its general excellence. These imperfections have been extensively felt and acknowledged; and for the remedy of them, various attempts have been made, with various success. By what has been done, however, the way has been opened for something still further to be attempted.

The present work was undertaken from no spirit of innovation; but from a sincere desire for the improvement and stability of our public Psalmody. On a careful examination of Dr. Watts's Book, it was found, or thought to be found, that it might be very considerably abridged, without any detriment:—that some entire Parts, and many stanzas of other Parts of the Psalms, and that some entire Hymns, and many stanzas of others, might very well be spared; as the subject-matter and sentiments of them, were contained, and as well or better expressed, in what would still remain. By such an abridgment, some important advantages would be gained: redundancies would be retrenched; passages of little merit would be excluded; some Parts of Psalms, and some Hymns, so prolix and complex as seldom, perhaps never, to be given out in public, would be reduced to convenient and excellent portions for use: especially, room would be made for the admission of not a small number of *Select Hymns*, from various authors, eligible either for their sterling worth, or for their suitableness to supply the deficiencies of Watts. And thus, if the design were judiciously executed, a body of Psalms and Hymns would be formed, more compact, more complete, and more worthy of extensive adoption for permanent use, than any before presented to our churches.

To the high purposes of Psalmody, good and well adapted *Tunes* are essentially requisite. To aid the laudable exertions of respectable societies and individuals, for the general and established use of such tunes, was a primary object of this work. It was found to be the opinion of many, well qualified to judge, that a small but judicious selection of tunes, in the same book with the Psalms and Hymns, would be useful in several respects; as it might contribute

to restrain the too common vagrancy of singing choirs, and to give permanency to the use of a standard set of tunes—would be a great convenience to singers in the choir, who might wish to refresh their memories in regard to the tune to be sung—and would be a help to many others in the congregation, who, by occasionally casting their eyes upon the tune, would be able to join in the performance, of this pleasing, animating, and exalted part of divine worship.

The effect of public psalmody is often exceedingly marred, by a psalm or hymn being sung to an ill adapted tune. The leaders of singing choirs are not always persons of good taste and judgment; nor can the best qualified leader, always at the moment, so fully possess himself of the sentiments of the portion given out, as immediately to recur to a tune well suited to express them. It might therefore, it was thought, be highly useful to sit down at leisure, and refer each psalm and hymn, not merely to the proper key, but to a suitable tune.

The grand defect of our public psalmody in general is the want of proper *expression.* Should a preacher deliver his sermon, in an unanimated, monotonous manner, not varying the movement, or quantity, or tone of voice, nor even observing the pauses—be his sermon ever so good, or his pronunciation ever so exact—his hearers might sleep, and his labour be lost. So the best psalm may be sung to the best tune, and every note, in the several parts, be sounded with the utmost exactness, and yet the performance have little interest or effect. That performance of psalmody, and that only, is entitled to be called good, in which the movement, quantity, and tone of voice, are well adapted to thegeneral subject, and so varied as justly to express the different thoughts, sentiments, and passions. This, it is confessed, is an attainment of no small difficulty; and requires no ordinary degree of judgment and taste, attention and practice. Its importance, however, demands that every thing which can be done in aid of it, should be done. To assist singers extensively, in this essential, but neglected part of good psalmody, no method appeared more eligible, than that of so marking the psalms and hymns by means of certain symbols, as to indicate, as correctly as possible, the requisite variations of movement, quantity, and tone of voice.

Such were the views of the Compiler, when he took up the design of this work. He was sensible in the outset, and became more and more deeply so in the progress of the undertaking, that it was a design of difficult execution, and of no ordinary responsibility; and in regard to its several parts, he has not failed to avail himself, as opportunity offered, of

the judgment of clergymen, musicians, and others, respectable in character, and judicious in matters of this kind. From several of them he has received very valuable hints; and to the Rev. Dr. Griffin of Boston, and the Rev. Mr. Willard of Deerfield, he is under particular obligations. Upon himself, however, the responsibility of the work at large, both as to design and execution must rest.

His *Abridgment of Dr. Watts* has been executed with a cautious and trembling hand; and, he would fain hope, in a manner not to offend the pious and judicious admirers of that justly venerated psalmist. *In regard to Christian doctrine and sentiment, Watts remains unaltered and unimpaired;* and in what is retained of his Book, even the verbal alterations are very few, and only such as seemed most obviously requisite.

It deserves particular notice, that the numerical designations of the psalms and hymns, parts and stanzas, retained, are the same as in Watts unabridged, and when the last verse or verses are omitted, the omission is denoted by a ——. No confusion, therefore, need ensue in a congregation should the minister use this book, while the people are yet furnished wholly or in part with the common book.

The *Selection of Hymns from various Authors* has been made with laborious care; after a perusal of all the Hymns which the Compiler could well procure, and with repeated and solicitous revisions. To have adopted all the hymns extant which are good, would have swelled the book to an undue size. The design was to select a competent number of such as would form the best supplement to Watts; regard being had at once to intrinsic merit, to particular subjects and occasions, and to variety of metre.

Of *Tunes* as well as of hymns, it is much less easy to make a selection than a collection. It is not expected, indeed, that singing choirs will restrict themselves entirely to the use of the tunes contained in this book, even in the churches, or congregations in which the book may be adopted. The Compiler, however, is fixed in the persuasion, that these tunes are of the kind of musick the best adapted to general use in the house of God. While they have long borne the test of musical criticism, they are simple, easy, and grave; while they will gratify a highly cultivated taste, they may be performed without difficulty or embarrassing solicitude by a common choir, and heard without distraction or wondering curiosity by a common congregation. He is also fully persuaded, and in this persuasion he is sure of the concurrence of the best judges, that the adoption of a *few* well chosen tunes for permanent use, would be vastly preferable to

a great variety and a frequent change. The prurience, indeed, for variety and change is the bane of our public psalmody. It can never be sufficiently regretted that good tunes, as soon as the singers have learned to perform them with tolerable correctness, and just as the congregation begin to be pleased with them, should be capriciously exchanged for others. Good tunes, to be performed with any adequate effect, must be perfectly familiar to the performers. It is impossible that a psalm or hymn should be performed with proper expression, when the tune is not familiar; and until singing choirs will be content with the use of a few standard tunes, not entirely excluding, however, the occasional use of others, *Expression*, that most important part of good musical performance, will be but little known. Besides, good tunes must be familiarized by use, before their beauties and excellencies will be in any good degree perceived and felt; the longer and better they are practised, the more they will be loved and admired; and when they are lightly esteemed, or willingly exchanged for others, it must be owing not to a familiar acquaintance with them, but to the want of such acquaintance.

In assigning particular tunes for the several psalms and hymns, regard has been had, not merely to the different key, but also to the peculiar air and character of each tune, and its appropriate adaption to the psalm or hymn for which it is assigned. If therefore, in any instance, the leader of the choir, for some particular reason, think it not best to sing the tune, or either of the tunes, referred to; still the reference may be of use, as a direction to the *sort* of tune, suitable to be chosen.

Of the several parts of this undertaking, *that of marking the psalms and hymns with reference to Expression*, was not the least difficult. To indicate, indeed, all the variations, which a skilful and well practised performer would observe, were impracticable; to designate some of the principal of them only, is what has been attempted. The method adopted for this purpose is simple, and easy to be understood.

The *movement* is divided into five degrees, which are supposed to be indicated by five vowels, in Roman letter: viz. a—very slow; e—slow; i—common; o—quick; u—very quick: but in the actual marking, the i is omitted; as it was deemed unnecessary for passages requiring only the common movement to be marked.—The *quantity of voice* is also divided into five degrees, which, in like manner, are indicated by the same vowels in Italick letter: viz. *a*—very soft; *e*—soft; *i*—common, but omitted in the marking, *o*—loud; *u*—very loud.

In some passages a variation is required both of movement and quantity. The *Pathetic* in general, and some other kinds of sentiment, require the slow and soft; this expression is denoted by the letter p. The *Grand* requires the slow and loud, this expression is denoted by the letter g. The *Beautiful* requires the quick and soft; this expression is denoted by the letter b. The *Spirited* requires the quick and loud; this expression is denoted by the letter s.

Some passages require, not any considerable change from the common, either in movement or quantity; but either a peculiar *distinctness* of utterance, or some peculiar *distinction* in the tone or modulation of voice. This expression, or rather these varieties of expression, are denoted by the letter d. This symbol is intended, not so much to indicate the particular manner of performance, as to arrest attention, and notify that some peculiar manner is required. Where it is applied, however, whether to passages marked as quotations, or to such as express abhorrence, scorn, indignation, or any other passion or feeling, the judicious performer, will in general readily perceive the requisite expression.

If a psalm or hymn begins without any symbol of expression, it is to be considered as common, until some symbol is applied. When any symbol is applied, that is to be considered as being continued, until some other occurs. The short dash (—) after any other symbol, denotes the passage to be in all respects common.

The general character of each psalm or hymn, as before intimated, is intended to be designated, by the tune, or tunes to which it is referred; and in applying the symbols of expression, each passage of the psalm or hymn has been considered relatively to the prevailing character of the whole, and to the bearings of the several passages. Hence, some passages are marked differently from what they would have been, had the psalm or hymn to which they belong, been of a different prevailing character, or the passages with which they stand connected, required different kinds of expression.

In the *Punctuation*, regard has been had to musical expression. In some instances, therefore, different points or pauses are inserted, from what would have been used, had the grammatical construction, only, been regarded. The *dash* is intended to denote an expressive suspension. In order to good expression, a distinct and judicious observance of the pauses is absolutely necessary.

In reference to persons, the relative *who* is preferred to *that*, because it is better for musical sound. For the same reason, in reference to things, *that* is preferred to *which*.

It will not be surprising to the Compiler, if not a few should

consider all that he has done and said with reference to expression, as worthy of little attention: for he is fully aware that, by a great majority even of singers in our country, this subject has been almost totally overlooked. He does, however, entertain the hope, that by some, and by many, it will not be lightly regarded. In this hope he is strengthened by the knowledge he has of a pretty extensive excitement, which promises well for improvement in this respect. Expression is certainly the very soul of good musical performance, and cannot be too earnestly recommended. In singing schools, and in meetings for singing, the practice has been to employ the time in merely learning, or rehearsing *tunes*, with very little attention to psalms or hymns. This is a capital fault. If in those schools and meetings, a due proportion of the time were employed in singing psalms and hymns, with particular regard to expression, the exercise would be vastly more interesting and improving. Such a a practice would eminently serve to engage attention—to awaken thought and feeling—to cultivate judgment and taste; above all, to preserve the minds of singers from fickleness and levity—to imbue them with the divine sentiments of Holy Song—and to impress them with the importance of singing "with grace in their hearts unto the Lord."

It only remains for the Compiler humbly to commend this Book to the candour of the religious public—with the devout hope, that it will promote their improvement and delight in the high praises of GOD: and above all, to the favour of HIM, who is "fearful in praises," and whose approbation is the highest meed—with the fervent prayer, that, under his gracious blessing, it may contribute to the advancement of his great salvation, and to the glory of his adorable NAME.

Salem, Nov. 1814.

KEY OF EXPRESSION.

a—Very slow. e—Slow.
o—Quick. u—Very quick.

a—Very soft. *e*—Soft.
o—Loud. *u*—Very loud.

p—Slow and soft. b—Quick and soft.
g—Slow and loud. s—Quick and loud.
d—Variously distinctive.

☞ *See the explanation in the foregoing Preface. The Preface should be read attentively.*

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

PART I.

WATTS'S PSALMS ABRIDGED.

PSALM 1. C. M. *York. Canterbury.* [*]

The Way and End of the Righteous and of the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

o 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

p 5 Not so the impious and unjust;—
What vain designs they form!
d Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

g 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

L. M. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet,
Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

e 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
b And heav'n will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

e 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost—
g When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

PSALM 2. S. M. *Dover. Sutton.* [*]

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

1 MAKER, and sov'reign Lord,
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things, so long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd;
p When Jews and Gentiles rose to slay
Jesus, thy holy child.

o 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

— 7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;—
g Far as the world's remotest ends,
His Kingdom shall advance.

e 8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
o He'll vindicate those honours well,
Which he receiv'd from God.

C. M. *Bedford. St. Ann's.* [*]

Christ Exalted and his Enemies warned.

p 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

—2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

d 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread."

e 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

o 6 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die:
—Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 3. C. M. *Canterbury. Barby.* [*]

Doubts and Fears suppressed; or GOD *our Refuge.*

p 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
—Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

e 2 The lying tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

—3 But Thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

g 6 What though the hosts of death and hell,
All arm'd, against me stood;
Terrours no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

o 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting.

o 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

L. M. *Worship. Arnley.* [b]

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.—*A Morning Psalm.*

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood.
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

e 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

—3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

o 4 But God sustain'd me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. L. M. *Green's. Islington.* [b]

V. 1,2,3,5,6,7.—GOD *our Portion, and* CHRIST *our Hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men in vain ye try,
To turn my glory into shame;
e How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

d 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
e He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

—4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
o We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

—5 Let the unthinking many say,
e "Who will bestow some earthly good?
—But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

s 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice,
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

C. M. *Barby. York.* [*]

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 8.—*An Evening Psalm.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

e 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

—3 I pay this evening sacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M. *Reading. Sunday.* [b]

For the LORD'S *Day Morning.*

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

e 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

a 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

—5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PSALM 6. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Complaint in Sickness: or, Diseases healed.

e 1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm:
Nor let thy fury burn so hot,
Against a feeble worm.

p 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest:
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?—
Mine eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand afford relief?

—5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

o 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath:
e For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 7. C. M. *Bedford.* [b]

GOD's *Care of his People against Persecutors.*

1 MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God:
a Rise, and my helpless life defend,
From those who seek my blood.

d 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear:
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.

—3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe :
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

e 4 If there were malice found in me,
(I know thy piercing eyes,)
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

o 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control ;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul. ——

PSALM 8. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [*]

God's Condescension in conferring Honour on Man.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies ;—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?

4 Lord, what is worthless man ;
That thou should'st love him so ?

g Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

— 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

o 6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wond'rous are thy ways :

o Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise. ——

L. M. First Part. *Blendon. Bath.* [*]

Verse 1, 2, Paraphrased.—*Children Praising* God.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread ;

g And thine eternal glories rise,
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

—2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
e And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
o Declare the wonders of thy praise.

—3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age,
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

o 4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
—The Son of David, is their song,—
And young hosannas fill the place.

e 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
o While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Quercy. Moreton.* [*]

Ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.

ADAM, *and* CHRIST, *Lords of the old and new Creation.*

e 1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

o 3 But O what brighter glories wait,
To crown the second Adam's state!
o What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

e 4 See him below his angels made!
p See him in dust among the dead,—
—To save a ruin'd world from sin!
o But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

g 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,—
New made, and glorious—shall submit
At out exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

Wrath and mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole heart, I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are opprest;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

e 4 The men who know thy Name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

o 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

C. M. Second Part. *Colchester.* [*]

Verse 12. *The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

1 WHEN the great Judge supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

o 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net,
That their own hands have spread.

—6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

o 7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
g Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

PSALM 10. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Prayer heard, and Saints saved from the Wicked.

p 1 WHY does the Lord stand off so far!
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

e 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

o 4 Arise, O Lord, lift up thy hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

o 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Hearken to what thy children say,
And put the world in fear.

—8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M. *Psalm* 97. *Geneva.* [b]

GOD *loves the Righteous, and abhors the Wicked.*

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,—
d "Fly like a tim'rous trem'bling dove,
"To distant woods or mountains fly?"

e 2 If government be once destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

g 3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

—4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace;
What may the bold transgressor fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

g 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death!
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

—6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM 12. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

General Corruption of Manners.

1 HELP, Lord! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

e 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;—

o 6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

g 8 Thy word like silver sev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure;
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. L. M. *Pleyel's. Armley.* [b]

Pleading under Desertion: or, Hope in Darkness.

p 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?

Canst thou thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be denied?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low.

—4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
e If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

—5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost?
o But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

—6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
o My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 14. C. M. 1st Part. *Reading.* [b]

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain;
"There is no God who reigns on high,
"Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same:
There's none who fears his Maker's hand;
There's none who loves his Name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease ;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In ev'ry heart are found ;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground. *Plymouth.*

PSALM 15. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]
Duties to GOD *and Man ; or, the* CHRISTIAN.

e 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
—The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue :
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honoured in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good :
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

e 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face :
—And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :—
o This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. L. M. FIRST PART. *Shoel.* [b]
Good works profit Men, not GOD.

e 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,

But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

e 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest,
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy Name :

—3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know,

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine ;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose tho'ts and language are divine.

L. M. THIRD PART. *Moreton. Quercy.* [*]
Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop ;
o Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
e My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head ;
Yet gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

—3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wonderous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

o 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below,)
Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

C. M. FIRST PART. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]
V. 1—3.—*Support and Counsel from God.*

3 LET Heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood and stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast,
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup :
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

C. M. Second Part. *Sunday. Doxology.* [*]

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

p 5 JESUS, whom ev'ry saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
o Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

—6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heav'n's eternal hills;
v There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

PSALM 17. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

V. 13, &c.—*Portion of Saints and of Sinners.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

p 2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here—in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

e 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
—The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

o 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

s 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death—
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

L. M. *Islington.* [*]

The Saint's Hope: or the Resurrection.

3 WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
o I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

p 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
—But the bright world to which I go—
o Hath joys substantial and sincere;
e When shall I wake and find me there?

—5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

a 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
—Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
s Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. L. M. First Part. *Green's.* [*]

Verse 1——6, 15——18.

Deliverance from Despair: or, Temptations overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

e 2 Death, and the terrours of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade.
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

e 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine:
—He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
o Then did his grace appear divine.

o 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.

s 8 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

L. M. Second Part. *Armley.* [b]

V. 20—26.—*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

p 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
e What wars and strugglings in my breast,
—But, thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
e When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

—5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
o And men who love revenge shall know,
u God hath an arm of vengeance too.

L. M. Third Part. *Quercy. Nantwich.* [*]

Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 36, &c.

Rejoicing in God: *or, Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways and true thy word,
e Great Rock of my secure abode;
—Who is a God beside the Lord?
g Or where's a refuge like our God?

—2 'Tis he who girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

o 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock,)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
e Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

—4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal Seed,
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit nor an end.

C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]
Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

o 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
—His holy Name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

o 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
g The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

—4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
o And swift as flames obey.

—5 He speaks—and at his fierce rebuke,
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
o Strikes all their courage dead.

—6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes them hearts of steel.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,
For his own Churches' sake;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 19. S.M. 1st Part. *Watchman. Sutton.* [*]
The book of Nature and the Scriptures.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God;

And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land,
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

o 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

S. M. Second Part. *Dover. Pelham.* [*]

God's *Word most excellent : or holy Fear.*

3 HOW perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just ;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

e 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errours of his ways !
e Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

— 8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

L. M. *Green's. Leeds.* [*]

Nature and Scripture compared.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
o But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy Name in fairer lines.

—2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
o But the blest Volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

—3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
o So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

o 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

e 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
—Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

g 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

The Book of Revelation.

b 5 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;—
What light and joy these leaves afford;
e To souls benighted and distrest!
—Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
o Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

e 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
o But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

e 8 Who knows the errours of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
—Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of Grace,
And book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM 20. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The Name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice—
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope;
And in the Name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
o Our navies spread their flags abroad.

—5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
o Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

—7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hope be firm and strong;
o Till thy salvation shall appear,
s And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. L. M. *Castle-street.* [*]

V. 1—9.—CHRIST *exalted to the Kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
o But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumphs and the praise.

—2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand!
g Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

—3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor does the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

g 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine,
Blest with the favour of the face,
And length of everlasting days.

PSALM 22. C. M. SECOND PART. *Bedford.* [*]

V. 20, 21, 27—31.—CHRIST's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

p 1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
'O Lord, protect thy Son;
'Nor leave thy darling to engage
'The powers of hell alone.'

—2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
b God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

—3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne's exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth,
Shall worship—or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

e 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
—And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

o 6 The isles shall know the righteousness,
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood. *St. Ann's.*

L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

CHRIST'S *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

p 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

e 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
d "He rescu'd others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend:
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

o 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

p 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

—6 But God his Father heard his cry;
o Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high,
—The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. L. M. *Green's. Islington.* [*]

GOD *our Shepherd.*

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd:
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

p 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake;
—But he restores my soul to peace,
o And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

p 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrours are;
—My heart and hope shall never fail,
o For God my shepherd's with me there.

e 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
—Thou art my comfort, thou my stay:
o Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

s 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord,
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

S. M. *Aylesbury. Dover.* [*]

God's tender Care of his People.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
o And full salvation flows.

e 3 If e'er I go astray,
— He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
o I cannot yield to fear!
e Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
o My Shepherd's with me there.

s 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. C. M. *Abridge. Bedford.* [*]

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

e 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
d He who has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God?

3 This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those who seek
The God of Jacob's face.

o 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare;
o Lift up their everlasting doors;
The King of glory's near.

e 5 The King of glory—who can tell
The wonders of his might?
—He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

d 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's
And men and worms and beasts and birds;
—He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

o 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
e Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?

d 3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him will the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

—4 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
o These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE. *Oporto.*

o 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
—Behold the King of glory nigh!
e Who can this King of glory be?
o The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

—6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;
o Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'rer comes with God to dwell.

g 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door;
To give his saints a blest abode.
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. S. M. 1st PART. *Little Marlboro.'* [b]

Ver. 1—11.—*Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his Name;
e Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

p 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
—Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

e 3 From the first dawning light
'Till the dark ev'ning rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

e 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

— 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

o 6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great,)
Through my Redeemer's name.

S. M. Second Part. *Dover.* [*]

Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.—*Divine Instruction.*

e 1 WHERE shall the man be found,
Who fears t' offend his God—
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

— 2 The Lord will make him know
o The secrets of his heart;
o The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

— 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

o 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face!
Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

S. M. Third Part. *St. Bridge's.* [b]

Ver. 15—22.—*Backsliding and Desertion.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

o 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
e When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare!

p 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod!

e 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Does but enlarge my woe;
p My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

e 8 With humble faith I wait,
To see thy face again;
o Of Isra'l it shall ne'er be said,
d He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26. L. M. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

Self-Examination; or, Evidences of Grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways;
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

e 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

o 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
e But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

—4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
e There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

—5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. C. M. First Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Ver. 1—6.—*The Church our Delight and Safety.*

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
o God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

—2 One privilege my heart desires—
e O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

—3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

e 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
— There may his children hide;
o God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

s 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound. *St. Martin's.*

C. M. 2nd PART. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [*]

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.—*Prayer and Hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
d "Ye children, seek my grace,"
—My heart reply'd without delay,
o "I'll seek my Father's face."

e 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
e God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

e 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
o My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

—4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief—
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
o He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 29. L. M. *Psalm* 97. [*]

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

o 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

g 3 He speaks, and tempests, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
e The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terrour of the sound.

g 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;
—But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

e 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
o Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. L. M. 2nd PART. *Armley.* [b]

Ver. 6.—*Health, Sickness, and Recovery.*

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
d "Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
—2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
e Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
—3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
e "What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust, can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?
—4 "Hear me, O God of grace! I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
o Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
—5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

o 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
o Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n,
—For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31. C. M. First Part. *Canterbury.* [b]

Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.—*Deliverance from Death.*

1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a double strife;
e While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd,
To take away my life.

d 3 "My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
—Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

e 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

—6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

o 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
And sing his praises loud;
—He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

C. M. Second Part. *York.* [*]

V. 7–13, 18–21.—*Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

1 MY heart rejoices in thy Name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

p 2 'My life is spent with grief,' I cry'd,
'My years consum'd in groans;
'My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
'And sorrow wastes my bones.'

e 3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours, I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round;
—I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
o No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

o 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

— 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

e 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
—Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

o 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

L. M. First Part. *Green's. Quercy.* [*]

Repentance, Justification, and Sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
Whose sins, with sorrow, are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

o 4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy. Bath.* [*]

Conscience Relieved by Confession and Pardon.

e 1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart;
What torments does my conscience feel,
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
—Thy Gospel speaks a pardoning word,
o Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul,
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
e When floods of huge temptations roll,
—There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
e When days grow dark and storms appear;
—And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. C. M. 1st Part. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Works of Creation and Providence.

o 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his Name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

o 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
—His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own stations keep.

e 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
g He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines. *Arundel.*

C. M. Second Part. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]

Creatures vain: and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Has fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

d 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of an horse,
Can the bold rider save.

e 4 Vain is the strength of beasts, or men,
To hope for safety thence;
o But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

e 5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

o 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

P. M. First Part. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Works of Creation and Providence.

o 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,

Great is your theme, your songs be new ;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

—2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
His word the heav'nly arches spread :
e How wide they shine from north to south !
—And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast srore-house of the deep :
g He spake—and gave all nature birth !
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

a 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
—Vain are their thoughts and weak their hands ;
g But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

P. M. Second Part. *Cumberland.* [*]

Creatures vain : and God all-sufficient.

o 1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasures of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne :
—His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways ;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

d 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely :
—In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

e 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Does more secure defence afford,
When death, or dangers threat'ning stand ;
o Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

—4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
e We wait to see thy goodness shine;
o Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34. L. M. First Part. *Portugal.* [*]
God's *Care of Saints: or, Deliverance by Prayer.*

o 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue,
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

—2 Come magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

e 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
—He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

o 5 His holy angels pitch their tents,
Around the men who serve the Lord,
—O, fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
o But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good. *Islington.*

C. M. Second Part. *York. St. Martin's.* [*]
Ver. 11—22.—*Exhortations to Faith and Holiness.*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false, or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the work of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

e 4 What though the sorrows, here they taste,
Are sharp and tedious too;
o The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

e 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
— But God secures his own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

e 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
o Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35. C.M. 2d PART. *Hymn 2d. Barby.* [*]

Verse 12, 13, 14. *Love to Enemies; David and Christ.*

e 1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;
See how his kind affections move
To his afflicted foes!

—2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

e 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

d 4 They groan, and curse him on their bed,
e Yet still he pleads and mourns:
—And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

o 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
—While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
e And pities them with tears.

---6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Blest and belov'd of God,
o To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. L. M. *Old Hundred. Sheffield.* [*]

Ver. 5—9. *Perfections, Providence, and Grace of* God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,—
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
o But saints are thy peculiar care.

e 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
—The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
o There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

o 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 37. C. M. 1st Part. *Reading.* [b]

Ver. 1—15. *Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief.*

e 1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret,
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

e 2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades;
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

—3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
o So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

—4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
o And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.—— *Canterbury.*

C. M. Second Part. *Abridge. York.* [*]

Ver. 16, 21—31.—*Religion in Words and Deeds.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives,
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander, or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord,
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Colchester. Arundel.* [*]

Ver. 23—37. *The Righteous and the Wicked.*

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home,
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

e 5 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man, nor God;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

—6 And, lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
e Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.

d 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
o True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Guilt of Conscience, and Relief.

p 1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

e 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
p The burden, Lord, I cannot bear,
Nor e'er the guilt atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

—6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by thine ear.

o 7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die. ——

PSALM 39. C. M. First Part. *Barby.* [*]

Verse 1, 2, 3. *Prudence and Zeal.*

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
d "Now will I watch my tongue;
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

—2 If I am e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

o 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over awed;
e But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God.

C. M. Second Part. *Bangor. Canterbury.* [b]

Verse 4, 5, 6, 7. *The vanity of Man as mortal.*

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;

I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

e 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

e 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
o They rage and strive, desire and love,
-- But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

e 5 What should I wish, or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
e They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

—6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Dorset. Bishopsgate.* [b]

Ver. 9—13. *Sick-bed Devotion.*

p 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
e But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

—2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

e 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

p 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

—6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
o Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. C. M. 1st Part. *Abridge. York.* [*]

Ver. 1,2,3,5,17. *A Song of Deliverance from Distress.*

e 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

—2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

o 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

o 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

e 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
—We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart;
o My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

C. M. Second Part. *Sunday. Bethlehem.* [*]

Ver. 6—9.—*The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*

d 1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here;
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil."

o 4 And see—the blest Redeemer comes—
Th' eternal Son appears;
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

—5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd;
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

e 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries;
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

p 7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
o But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

o 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 41. L. M. *Armley. Shoel.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 3. *The merciful Man.*

1 BLEST is the man, whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
p Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

—2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
e He, in a time of gen'ral grief,
—Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head;
e When drought, and pestilence, and death,
Around him multiply their dead.

e 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
—God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;

o Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM 42. C. M. First Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

Ver. 1—5. *Desertion and Hope.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
e My God, to thee I look;
—So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.

e 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
c So long an absence from thy face,
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
—The foe insults without control,
d "And where's your God at last?"

p 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

e 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

—6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
o For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

L. M. *Babylon.* [*]

Ver. 6—11. *Hope in Affliction.*

p 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord—
— But I will call thy Name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

e 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

—3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;

Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

e 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
d And say, 'My God, my heav'nly Rock,
p 'Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

—5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
e Why should my soul indulge her grief?
o Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

o 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 44. C. M. *China. Bedford.* [b]

V. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. *The Church's Complaint in Persecution.*

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:—

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
o Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

o 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

e 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

—8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace!
e Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

—11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour, and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. C. M. *Arundel. Mear.* [*]

Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

b 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
—Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

g 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince.
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrour shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands,
b Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

—5 Justice and truth attend thee still;
But mercy is thy choice;
u And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,
With most peculiar joys.

L. M. Second Part. *Oporto. Green's.* [*]

Christ and his Church.

e 1 THE King of saints, how fair his face!
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
o He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

b 2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
—The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:
b Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

—4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker, and thy Lord.

s 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

g 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread:
—While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46. L. M. 1st Part. *Leeds. Blendon.* [*]

Church's safety amidst Desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

o 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd,
Down to the deep and bury'd there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

u 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
e In sacred peace our souls abide;
—While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
e Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

e 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
b Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

—5 That sacred stream thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

g 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r.

L. M. Second Part. *Blendon.* [*]

God fights for his Church.

o 1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
g He utters his almighty voice,
e The nations melt—the tumult dies.

o 2 The Lord, of old, for Jacob fought ;
And Jacob's God is still our aid :
e Behold the works his hand hath wrought ;
a What desolations he has made !

o 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
g When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

s 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :
p Keep silence, all the earth,—and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

d 5 "Be still—and learn that I am God !
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."

e 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
e While we so near thy presence dwell,
—Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
o Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M. *Christmas.* *Arundel.* [*]

Christ ascending and reigning.

o 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high,—
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

o 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

e 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him, with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

—5 In Isra'l stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race ;

o But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;

g While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. S.M. 1st Part. *Dover. Peckham.* [*]

V. 1—8. *The Church the Honor and Safety of a Nation.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

b 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
—The honours of our native place,
o The bulwarks of our land.

— 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
e How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

— 4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there;
d In wild confusion of the mind,
o They fled with hasty fear.

— 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

S. M. Second Part. *Kibworth. St. Thomas.* [*]

V. 10—14. *Gospel Worship and Order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

o 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill;

• Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

e 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well.

e 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
d And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
—Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes ;
And rites adorn'd with gold.

o 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. C. M. First Part. *Reading.* [b]

Ver. 6—14. *The Vanity of life and Riches.*

1 WHY does the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow,
With every rising tide?

4 Not all his treasure can procure
His soul a short reprieve ;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
d "My house shall ever stand ;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

—8 This is the folly of their way :
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
e Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
a And like the beast they die.

C. M. Second Part. *York.* [*]

Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the Resurrection.*

1 YE sons of pride, who hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
g Your pomp shall rise no more.

o 2 The last great day shall change the scene,
e When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

—3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
o And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

s 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
—Let men of pride their rage resume,
e But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 50. C. M. 1st Part. *Mear. Windsor.*[b]

Ver. 1—6. *The last Judgment.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne;
d Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
—The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
d "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
—No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

g 3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day!

—4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
g And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

d 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"Who made their peace with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess,
"My sentence of reward is right;—
"And heav'n adore my grace."

L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

d 2 Wretches! they dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

—3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue;
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more;
They think He sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

e 6 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
a His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P. M. Second Part. *Walworth.* [*]

The Last Judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day:
Behold the Judge descend; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near:—Let all things come,
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom!
"But gather first my saints," the judge commands;
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
"And sign'd with all their names;—the Greek, the Jew,
"Who paid the ancient worship, or the new."
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;
"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE. *Landaff.*

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain:
"Thou hypocrite, once drest in saints' attire—
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles: heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastick vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

11 " Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
" A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
" While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
" Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

13 " Silent I waited, with long-suff'ring love:
" But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
" And cherish such an impious thought within,
" That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears! all nature joins t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise!
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain tho'ts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join, ye saints; wake ev'ry cheerful passion:
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51. L.M. 1st PART. *Carthage. Geneva.* [b]

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

p 1 SHEW pity Lord, O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
e Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

—2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
g Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
—So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
p Here—on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

e 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

v 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
e I must pronounce thee just in death;

e And if my soul were sent to hell,
—Thy righteous law approves it well.

e 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
—Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
o Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Armley. Geneva.* [b]

Original and actual Sin confessed.

e 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

d 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

—6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
o Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types can cleanse me so.

L. M. THIRD PART. *Gloucester. Bath.* [*]

The Penitent restored.

e 1 O THOU, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

—2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

p 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

—7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
o I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood;
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
o Salvation shall be all my song;
s And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

C. M. 2d PART. *Bishopsgate. Canterbury.* [b]

Repentance, and Faith in the Blood of CHRIST.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

—2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
o Then my rejoicing tongue
o Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

e 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
o The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

—4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Ver. 4—6. *Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.*

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them who rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;

When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

V. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. *Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.*

e 4 O WERE I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
—I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

c 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

—6 Vain hopes—and vain inventions all,
e To 'scape the rage of hell!
—The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

o 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

o 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid:
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

—9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [*]

V. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. *Dangerous Prosperity: or Daily Devotion.*

e 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
—But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

o 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
e While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

p 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

— 5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

o 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
g The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

GOD'S *Care of his People, in answer to Prayer.*

e 1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try,
To vex and break my peace.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

—6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
o So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

—9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise:

o I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word;
"How righteous all thy ways!"
—10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
e O set a pris'ner free!
o That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M. *Old Hundred. Blendon.* [*]

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
e Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud be overblown.

—2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
o He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

—4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to his Name:
o Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise;
My tongue the glory of my frame.

g 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

s 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When one oppressed before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have you forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
g High in the heav'ns his justice reigns.

—Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

o 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
—Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run:
e Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time;
Vain births that never see the sun.

o 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
— And all who hear shall join and say,
d "Sure there's a God who rules on high;
"A God who hears his children cry,
"And will their saff'rings well repay."

PSALM 60. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

V. 1–5, 10–12.—*Humiliation for disappointments in war.*

e 1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we forever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terrour of one frown of thine,
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

p 3 Our nation trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

o 4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For those who fear thy Name;
o Defend thy people with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

—5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Their guardian and their God;
In vain confed'rate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

o 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
g 'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b*]

Ver. 1—6.—*Safety in God.*

p 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

e 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

— 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

o 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Ver. 5—12.—*No trust in the Creatures; but in God.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
e When helpers fail, and foes invade,
o God is our all-sufficient aid.

e 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

— 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

e 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard:
o "All power is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

—6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. C. M. 1st Part. *Sunday. Barby.*[*]

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4.—*The Morning of the* Lord's *Day.*

o 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

e 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

g 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine;
o My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

—4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

o 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

s 6 Thus 'till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
—Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
o And tune my lips to sing.

L. M. *Moreton. Shoel.* [*]

Delight in God *and his Worship.*

e 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
— Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

e 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

o 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
—Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

o 5 Not fruits, nor wines, that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

s 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

e 4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
—No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

o 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

e 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

— 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;

I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 65. L. M. 1st PART. *Weldon. Quercy.*[*]

Ver. 1—5. *Public Prayer and Praise.*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house:
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

p 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
o All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

o 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel prepare for long distress;
When Zion's God himself arrays,
In terrour, and in righteousness.

g 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

s 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun,
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Nantwich. Truro.* [*]

Ver. 5—13. *Divine Providence and Grace.*

2 ON God the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, who travel o'er the flood,
Address their 'frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease,
He calms the raging crowd to peace;
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds and loud as waves.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,

To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine:
Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

C. M. First Part. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]

Prayer heard and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

e 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
— But pard'ning grace is thine;
o And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill,
To conquer ev'ry sin.

—3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

e 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terrour shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
— Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see,
The Lord is good and just;
o And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

g 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear;
o But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

C. M. Second Part. *Bedford. Arundel.* [*]

Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r;

The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

o 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

—3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is Divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

o 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 66. C. M. First Part. *Devizes.* [*]

Governing God; or, our Grace tried.

s 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sounds record
His honours and your joys.

—2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,
e "How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

g 5 He rules by his resistless might:
a Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war!

o 6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise:
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

—7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

g 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

C. M. Second Part. *Barby.* [*]

Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
Who heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye, who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

p 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
o He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

e 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

o 5 But God, (his name be ever bless'd!)
Has set my spirit free;
—Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Prosperity, Temporal and Spiritual.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
o Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

e 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad?
And distant nations know, and love,
Their Saviour and their God?

o 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
o Sing loud with solemn voice;
s Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.

g 5 He the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
—6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land,
With fruitfulness and peace.
o 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here!
g While the Creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. L. M. 1st PART. *Blendon. Truro.* [*]
V. 1–6,32–35. *The Vengeance and Compassion of God.*

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.
g 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, JEHOVAH, sounds on high:
s Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
e 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge most just, a father kind.
—5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
e But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
g 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
—In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
o 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
g When terrours rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Brentford. Green's.* [*]
Ver. 17,18. CHRIST's *Ascension, and Gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;

Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

g 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

o 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains—like captives—led.

s 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
g That God might dwell on earth again.

L. M. Third Part. *Weldon. Leeds.* [*]
V. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. *Common and Spiritual Mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
e But the wide difference that remains,
a Is endless joys and endless pains.

o 6 His own right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

PSALM 69. C. M. 3d Part. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Christ's *Obedience and Death.*

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high:
o His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law, which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

—3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

o 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
—They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

s 5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

g 6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits. *St. Asaph's.*

L. M. First Part. *Dresden. Armley.* [b]
Christ's *Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.*

e 1 DEEP in our hearts, let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
a Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

e 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
—While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their curst design.

o 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
—Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins that we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

p 5 O, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
o The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

L. M. Second Part. *Geneva. Carthage.* [b]

Ver. 7, &c. Christ's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood!
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.

c 5 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
a They nail him to the shameful tree;—
p There hung the man who died for me!

e 7 (Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.)

—8 But God beholds; and, from his throne
Marks out the men who hate his Son:
o The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour forth vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71. C. M. First Part. *York.* [*]

Ver. 5—9. *The Aged Saint's Reflections and Hope.*

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

p 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
—And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

o 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line—thy praise.

C. M. Second Part. *Barby. Sunday.* [*]

Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Christ our strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
e Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

—2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

o 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

p 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
—I'll plead thy perfect righteousness ;
And mention none but thine.

o 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King !
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

C. M. Third Part. *Hymn 2d. Canterbury.* [b]

Ver. 17—21. *The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.*

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

p 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years ?
If God, my strength, depart.

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave the savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
—O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down,
Securely to the grave.

e 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
— My flesh shall be thy care;
e These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
o To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. L.M. 1st Part. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

o 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
e His worship and his fear shall last,
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.

b 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distils,
Like heav'nly dew, on thirsty hills.

—5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
o Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

o 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
g Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

L. M. Second Part. *Sheffield. Leeds.* [*]

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

o 2 (Behold the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From North to South the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

g 3 There Persia, glorious to behold;
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.)

—4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

b 5 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

o 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

—7 (Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

g 8 Let ev'ry creature rise—and bring
Peculiar honours to their King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.)

PSALM 73. C. M. Second Part. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Ver. 23—28. *God our Portion, here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My Help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

e 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

e 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
o God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

p 5 Behold, the sinners who remove
Far from thy presence—die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

—6 But to draw near to thee my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
o My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
u And tell the world my joy. *Reading.*

L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]

Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. *The prosperity of Sinners cursed.*

e 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, plac'd on high,
In pride, and robes of honour, shine?

p 2 But, oh, their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

d 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
—I'll never envy them again;
d There they may stand with haughty eyes,
a 'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

e 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream, when man awakes:
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

—5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
o Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine;
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense;
'Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r,
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' lives before,
But here I learn their end.

p 9 On what a slipp'ry steep,
The thoughtless wretches go!
a And, oh, that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

e 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
—I call my God my portion now;
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM 74. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

The Church, in Affliction, pleading with GOD.

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke—
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

e 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought,
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

o 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
e See what a wide, and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

p 9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme!
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

e 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown,
In ages long before?
—And now, no other God we own,
No other God adore.

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove. ——

PSALM 75. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Power and Government from God *alone.*

1 TO thee, most Holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the powers that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance;
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known. ——

PSALM 76. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

God in Zion terrible to her Enemies.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

o 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

e 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
—The hill on which JEHOVAH dwells,
o Is glorious more than they.
e 7 What pow'r can stand before his sight,
When once his wrath appears?
a When Heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
a The earth lies still and fears.
—8 When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest;
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest. ——

PSALM 77. C. M. FIRST PART. *Abridge.* [b]
Melancholy and Hope.

e 1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear;
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.
p 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
e 7 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
p Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
—8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame;
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.
o 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
o 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
— And men who love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

C. M. SECOND PART. *Wantage.* [*]
Israel brought from Egypt to Canaan.

e 1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod"—
(May thine own children say)

"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

—3 Long did the house of Joseph lie,
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd,
Abandoned to their foes;
o But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

—5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls!

e 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
u Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
o To make thine armies room.

—7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrours attend the wondrous way,
That brings thy mercies down. ——

PSALM 78. C. M. First Part. *Mear.* [*]

Providence of God rehearsed to Children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's;
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

C. M. Second Part. *China.* [b*]

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought, to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through;
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 (A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.)

e 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand:
d "Can he with bread our host supply,
"Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
g And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrours ever stand prepar'd,
To vindicate his name.

L. M. *Bath.* [b]

Ver. 32, &c. *Saints corrected and saved.*

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns, thine anger and thy love?
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

Hn

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face;
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men, who ne'er deserv'd to live:
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80. L. M. *Dresden. Moreton.* [b]

The Church in Affliction.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And ledst the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

e 2 Thy Church is in the desert now;
—Shine from on high, and guide it through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

e 5 Hast thou not planted, with thy hand,
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

—6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nation with the fruit!
e But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid its fences waste?
—Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return;
p Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
—Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
o We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. S. M. *Aylesbury. Dover.* [*]

Ver. 1, 8—16. *Saints warned and exhorted.*

1 SING to the Lord, aloud,
And make a joyful noise:
o God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice.

e 2 "From vile idolatry,
"Preserve my worship clean;
"I am the Lord, who set thee free
"From slavery and from sin.

— 3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well;
e "But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel;

d 4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey;
"And let them run the dang'rous road—
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, O that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
—"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

o 6 "While I destroy their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock;
"And they should taste the stream, that flows
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

God Supreme: or, Magistrates warned.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

e 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

e 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain;
For they shall fall and die like men.

o 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne;
o And rule the nations with his rod:
g He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. S. M. *Little Marlboro.'* [b]

A complaint against Persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men, who hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

e 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

— 7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

o 8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word;
g JEHOVAH—is thy name alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 84. L. M. 1ST PART. *Moreton.* [*]

The pleasure of Public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

e 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
c My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

o 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
o Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

o 5 Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
—There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

o 6 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
o God is their strength: and thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper God.

o 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length;
s 'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. *Portugal.*

L. M. Second Part. *Castle-Street. Green's.* [*]

God *and his Church: or, Grace and Glory.*

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

e 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within thy house, O God of grace;
—Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

o 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

—4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

g 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

Paraphrased in C. M. *Doxology. Arundel.* [*]

Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. GOD *present in his Churches.*

e 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
Though in his earthly courts.
—'Tis heav'n, to see his smiling face,

o 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays;
o And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

b 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove,
Descends and fills the place;
—While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

o 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

P. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Longing for the House of GOD.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

o 3 O happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

—4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.

o O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

—6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

o 7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds,
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
o Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. L. M. 1ST PART. *All Saints.* [*]
Ver. 1—8. *Deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave, when Israel sinn'd,
And bro't his wand'ring captives home.
2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
e 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
—4 We wait to hear what God will say:
o He'll speak, and give his people peace:
—But let them run no more astray,
e Lest his returning wrath increase. *Armley.*

L. M. SECOND PART. *Islington. Oporto.* [*]
Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by* CHRIST.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

b 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

o 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

—4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM 86. C. M. First Part. *York.* [*]

V. 8—13. *A general Song of Praise to* God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power Divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works, like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things;
For thou art God alone.

e 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly ways;
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite,
In God my Father's praise.

o 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell;—
How, by thy grace, my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. L. M. *Green's. Leeds.* [*]

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.

1 GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
e He likes the tents of Jacob well;
o But still in Zion loves to dwell.

e 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house,
That pay their night and morning vows;
o But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

e 3 What glories were describ'd of old—
What wonders are of Zion told!
o Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

o 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
s Angels and men shall join to sing
The Hill where living waters spring.

—5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

PSALM 89. L. M. First Part. *Nantwich.* [*]
Corenant with Christ, *the true David.*

1 FOREVER shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
o Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heav'n, established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he swore, and said,
d "With thee my cov'nant first is made;
"In thee shall dying sinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
"Thy children shall be ever blest;
"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above,
"So much my image, or my love:
"Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are;
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David my servant, whom I chose,
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."

o 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
s Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below. *Truro.*

C. M. First Part. *Colchester. Abridge.* [*]
The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show,
The mercies of the Lord;

And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths, his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

e 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
o But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd,
To David's greater Son.

o 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

g 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways,
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise,
To thy unchanging love.

C. M. Second Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

V. 7, &c. *Majesty of* God: *or, Reverential Worship.*

e 1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

a 2 How terrible thy glories rise!
— How bright thy beauties shine!
e Where is the pow'r with thee that vies?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

g 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

o 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

—5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
e And the dark world of hell;
a How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

g 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
— Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
o While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Devizes.* [*]

Ver. 15, &c. *A Blessed Gospel.*

1 BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope ;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

o 3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
g Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

C. M. FOURTH PART. *Mear.* [*]

Ver. 19, &c. CHRIST'S *Mediatorial Kingdom.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
d " Sinners, behold your help is laid
" On my almighty Son.

2 " Behold the Man my wisdom chose,
" Among your mortal race ;
" His head my holy oil o'erflows,
" The Spirit of my grace.

o 3 " High shall he reign on David's throne,
" My people's better King ;
" My arm shall beat his rivals down,
" And still new subjects bring.

—4 " My truth shall guard him in his way,
" With mercy by his side ;
o " While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
" He shall in triumph ride.

—5 " Me for his Father, and his God,
" He shall for ever own ;
" Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
o " And I'll support my Son.

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g 6 "My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
"At my right hand shall sit;
"Beneath him angels know their place,
"And Monarchs at his feet.

d 7 "My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
"My promises are strong;
"Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
"His seed endure as long."

C. M. FIFTH PART. *St. Asaph's.* [*]

V. 30, &c. *The Covenant of Grace, ordered and sure.*

1 "YET, saith the Lord, if David's race,
"The children of my Son,
e "Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;—

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
"And make their folly smart;
—"But I'll not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath spoke,
"Eternal truth shall bind.

e 4 "Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
"And pledg'd my holiness,
"To seal the sacred promise sure,
"To David and his race.

o 5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,
"And spread from sea to sea;
"Long as he travels round the skies,
"To give the nations day.

g 6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,
"His kingdom shall endure;
"Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
"Shall be observ'd no more."

L. M. SECOND PART. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Ver. 47, &c. Mortality and Hope. *A Funeral Psalm.*

e 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
p How frail our life, how short our date!
Where is the man, who draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?

—2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
p " Must death forever rage and reign?
" Or, hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 " Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
—But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
o And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
s Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

P. M. *Harlington.* [*b]

Ver. 47, &c. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.*

c 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
e How few his hours, how short his span!
— Short from the cradle to the grave:
e Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

—2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
d " The race of man was only made
" For sickness, sorrow, and the dust!"
e Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
e Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

—3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
p But flesh and sense indulge despair:
o For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

o 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
— For all their toil, reproach and pain;
s Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
g And each repeat their loud—AMEN.

PSALM 90. L. M. *Carthage. Worship.* [*b]

Man mortal, and God eternal.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;

High was thy throne, e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd, e'er time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

c 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
a Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,—
d "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

—5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
p An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

—8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span;
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

C. M. First Part. *Wantage.* [b]

Ver. 1—5. *Men frail, and* God *eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

e 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

o 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
e The flow'rs, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring, ere 'tis night.

—9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

C. M. Second Part. *China.* [b]

V.8,11,9,10,12. *Mortality, and Preparation for Death.*

e 1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
p By one offence to thee,
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

—3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

e 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To three score years and ten;
p And all beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

—6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

C. M. Third Part. *Canterbury.* [b]

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after Heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

o 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord ;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !

e Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !

p 2 Alas the brittle clay,
That built our bodies first !
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

— 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;

o Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

— 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

o 5 They'll sooner waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91. L. M. *Shoel. Oporto.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Safety in Public Diseases and Danger.*

1 HE who hath made his refuge—God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
(From birds of prey that seek their blood,)
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

e 5 If burning beams of noon conspire,
To dart a pestilential fire ;
o God is their life : his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

e 6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death ;
o Israel is safe : the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

—9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
o Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 92. L. M. First Part. *Green's.* [*]

A Psalm for the Lord's *Day.*

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

e 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
—O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

s 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
e Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
e How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

—4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
e Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
—Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
d Blast them in everlasting death.

o 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

g 7 Then shall I see and hear and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy.* [*]

The Church the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. L. M. 1st Part. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

o 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

o 3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
e Vain floods—that aim their rage so high!
—At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P. M. First Part. *Walworth.* [*]

God's *Majesty, and sovereign Dominion.*

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand.

Long stood his throne, ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead—is the firm foundation.

o 2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion, to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild commotion;
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

d 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods be still;
And the mad world, obedient to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand;
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his foot-stool; and with fear adore him.

P. M. Second Part. *Dalston.* [*]
God's *Power, and Zion's Safety.*

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains;
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of Majesty around.

2 Upheld by his commands,
The world securly stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
g Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

e 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

d 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage,—
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrours of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

g 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;

There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM 94. C. M. SECOND PART. *Reading.* [b]

V. 16-23. *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

1 WHO will arise, and plead my right,
Against my num'rous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose!

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
e My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

p 3 "Alas, my sliding feet!" I cry'd,
— Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
o Thy Spirit bore me up.

e 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll:
o Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

—5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
o But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

—6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
g The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. C. M. *Bedford. Plymouth.* [*]

A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

e 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.

o 6 Now is the time;—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
o Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

e 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
—We are his work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

L. M. *Blendon. Leeds.* [*]

V. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. *Canaan lost through Unbelief.*

2 COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
o He is our Shepherd; we the sheep,
His mercy choose, his pastures keep.

—3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
e Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, who saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God!

a 6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead.
—Attend the offer'd grace to day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

o 7 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM 96. C. M. *Arundel. Christmas.* [*]
V. 1—10, &c. CHRIST'S *First and Second Coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
o His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
e And grace surrounds his throne.

—3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
o Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
d Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

o 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
o To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

g 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
a How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

The God *of the Gentiles.*

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
o Among us is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made:
o Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, He built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
—His beams are majesty and light,
b His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

g 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And, in his courts, his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. C. M. First Part. *Psalm 97th.* [*]

Ver. 1—5. Christ *the Sovereign Judge.*

1 HE reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns:
Praise him in evangelic strains:
o Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
And distant islands join their voice.

e 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
o But grace and truth support his throne:
e Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
—Justice is their eternal ground.

g 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

—4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day:
o Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
u And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ver. 6—9. CHRIST'S *Incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

g 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those Gods on high and gods below.

—3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshipers confound;
o But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
—And earth confess her sov'reign King.

L. M. THIRD PART. *Green's.* [*]
Grace and Glory.

1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high;
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
e Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
o His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

—2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

o 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

o 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord:
—None, but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

C. M. *Mitcham. Mear.* [*]

V. 1,3,5-7,11. CHRIST'S *Incarnation, and the Judgment.*

1 YE shores and isles of ev'ry sea,
Rejoice—the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

o 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
—The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
e The haughty sinner dies.

o 3 The heav'ns his rightful power proclaim;
e The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

—4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Make the Redeemer known:
g Thus shall he come—to judge the earth—
And angels guard his throne.

o 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
o His children take their unknown flight,
— And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
o Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. C. M. First Part. *Sunday.* [*]

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils his grace:
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

o 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
u And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs. *St. Martin's.*

C. M. Second Part. *Arundel. Bethlehem.* [*]

The Messiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
o Let every heart prepare him room,
u And heav'n and nature sing.

—2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
o While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

e 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
o He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

g 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. S. M. 1ST PART. *Peckham.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Kingdom and Majesty.*

1 THE God, Jehovah, reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
e Let sinners tremble at his throne,
e And saints be humble there.

— 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
o Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

— 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known;
For there his glories shine.

e 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
o Justice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

S. M. SECOND PART. *Newton.* *Watchman.* [*]

A holy GOD *Worshipped with Reverence.*

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

e 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

— 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

o 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
—Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. L. M. 1ST PART. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A Plain Translation. *Praise to our Creator.*

1 YE nations of the earth rejoice,
Before the Lord your sov'reign King:
o Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
o With all your tongues his glory sing.

e 2 The Lord is God;—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

o 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

—4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind:
o Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
g And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

L. M. SECOND PART. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A Paraphrase.

e 2 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

—3 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
e And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
o He brought us to his fold again.

e 4 We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
o What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

s 5 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

g 6 Wide—as the world, is thy command;
Vast—as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The Magistrate's Psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 (I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.)

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise,
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be suppress'd.

C. M. *Mear.* [*]

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;

Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood, or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,—
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends whom I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch, who deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee,
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. C. M. First Part. *China.* [b]
V. 1—13, 20, 21. *A prayer for the Afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face;
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

p 2 My days are wasted, like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

—10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
o Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

o 11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

—12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry;
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise. *Reading.*

C. M. Second Part. *St. Paul's. Zion.* [*]

V. 13—21. *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
d Behold the promis'd hour!
—Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

e 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
o Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

g 3 The Lord shall raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

p 4 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

—5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

o 6 This shall be known, when we are dead,
And left on long record,—
That ages yet unborn, may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

L. M. *Dresden. Leeds.* [b]

V. 23–28. *Saints die, but* Christ *and the church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand,
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
e Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

o 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
o Thy years are one eternal day,
e And must thy children die so soon!

—3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"Christ is the same through ev'ry age."

g 4 'Twas He this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
e This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

—5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
g But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

o 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
o This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. L. M. 1st Part. *Nantwich.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. God's *Goodness to Soul and Body.*

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
o Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

e 3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son,
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
o He owns the ransom and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

—4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
o Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

—5 Our youth, decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hope with heav'nly food.

6 He sees the oppressor, and the oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'rers rest;
g But will his justice more display,
In the great, last, rewarding day.——*Brentford.*

L. M. Second Part. *Green's.* [*]

Ver. 8—13. God *Merciful in Chastisement.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,—
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

e 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
o On swifter wings salvation flies!
e And, if he lets his anger burn,
o How soon his frowns to pity turn!

—5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

S. M. First Part. *Kibworth. Dover.* [*]

Ver. 1—7. *Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join;
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

o 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

b 3 'Tis he, forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

— 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
o He, who redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

— 5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the suff'rers rest?
o The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

— 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
o But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

S. M. THIRD PART. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Ver. 19—22. GOD'S *Dominion: or, Angelic Praise.*

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

GOD *glorious in Creation and Providence.*

1 MY soul, the great Creator praise:
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
As swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations, by his hand,
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
e How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

p 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke:
b Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

—27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
o Thy praises shall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endless joy.

PSALM 105. C. M. ABRIDGED. *Arundel.* [*]

Covenant with Abraham remembered.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
u Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

—3 He sware to Abr'ham and his Seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

6 (Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings who on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.)

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God;
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock,
In rich abundance flow;
And, foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

o 18 O wondrous stream, O blessed type
Of ever flowing grace!
o So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
Through all this wilderness.

—19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

g 20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The Church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be the Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. L. M. *Shoel. Castle-street.* [*]

Ver. 1—5. *Praise to* God: *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd,
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

e 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways!
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise!
o Blest are the souls who fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

—3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed:
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

o 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
o And aid their triumphs with my voice!
—This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Ver. 7, 8, 12–14, 43–48. *Israel punish'd and pardoned.*

e 1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

— 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
o And then thy praise they sung;
e But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

— 3 Now they believe his word,
o While rocks with rivers flow;
e Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
Till he reduce them low.

— 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book;
He sav'd them from their foes,
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook,
The people whom he chose.

o 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race:
o And Christians join the solemn word,
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM 107. L. M. 1st Part. *Shoel.* [*]
Israel led to Canaan; Christians to Heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God:—he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts; his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record:
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

5 In their distress, to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their Guide:
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 So, when our first release we gain
From sin's own yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

o 8 O let us, then, with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
e How great his works! how kind his ways!
u Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

L. M. Second Part. *Bath.* [*]

Correction for sin ; Release by Prayer.

1 FROM age to age, exalt his name ;
God and his grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

e 2 But, if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God who rules the skies ;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord ;

—3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rance shall be found ;
a Laden with grief, they waste their breath,
In darkness and the shades of death.

—4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;
o He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ner through ;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

o 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
e How great his works ! how kind his ways !
u Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

L. M. Fourth Part. *Oporto.* [*]

Deliverance from Storm and Shipwreck.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind ;
o Till God commands---and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

o 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
e Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
---What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel.

e 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
p Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
—His mercy hears their loud address,
o And sends salvation in distress.

o 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage:
—'Tis calm;—and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

o 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
—Let them their private off'rings bring,
o And in the church his glory sing.

C. M. *Wareham.* [*]

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

o 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
o The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
e And sink in gaping graves.

—5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
o He hears the loud request;
g And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

u 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

—7 'Tis God who brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

o 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
—And those, who see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

L. M. Last Part. *Moreton. Leeds.* [*]

Colonies and Nations blest and punished.

3 WHERE nothing dwelt, but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,

God bids the oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest: but if they sin,
e He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

a 6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander, unpity'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

—7 Yet, if th' humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
o Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

e 9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord;
—But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 109. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

V. 1—5, 31. *Love to Enemies; Example of* CHRIST.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
e Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

—2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
e With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

—3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
e They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

—4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
a Yet with his dying breath,
—He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

e 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine,
In vain before my eyes?
—Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

o 6 The Lord shall on my side engage;
And in my Saviour's name,
o I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. L. M. First Part. *Blendon.* [*]

The Exalted Messiah's Power and Grace.

d 1 THUS the eternal Father spake,
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

o 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

g 3 "That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds;
"And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

o 4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
o And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew. *Oporto.*

C. M. *Asaph's.* [*]

Christ's *Kingdom and Priesthood.*

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
o In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

e 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
o Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

—3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
g "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

—4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
"That King of high degree,
"That holy man whom Abraham blest,
"Was but a type of thee."

o 5 Jesus, our priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above:
u Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

g 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. C. M. First Part. *Mitcham.* [*]

The Wisdom of God *in his Works.*

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his Name abroad.

e 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
o And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

e 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
—His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
g The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

—5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
e What shall we do to make us wise—
But learn to read thy Name?

—6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

Sunday.

PSALM 112. P. M. *Cumberland.* [*]

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;

His seed on earth shall be renown'd:
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs;
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd:
b The sweet rememb'rance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

g 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord!
Loves his commands, and trusts his word,
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

e 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd;
—He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

e 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fills his neighbour round with dread;
o His heart is arm'd against the fear,
o For God with all his pow'r is there.

g 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

—5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;

His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Liberality Rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor, without reward;
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

The Majesty and Condescension of GOD.

1 YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record;
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds:
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:

—His sov'reign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings. ——

PSALM 114. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

e 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
o The deep divides to make them way:
—Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current to his head.

o 3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

e 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide!
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

g 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know the approaching God!
The King of Israel! see him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore, and fear.

6 He thunders—and all nature mourns:
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. L. M. First Part. *Psalm 97th.* [*]

The true God: or, Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true!

g 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
e Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
d Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

o 3 The God, we serve, maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth his will is done;
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

e 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

g 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest,
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

a 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave;
o But we shall live to sing thy grace,
u And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

P. M. *Walworth.* [*]

Popish Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names, Thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.
Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heav'n is thine higher court; there stands thy throne;
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Earth is thy work; the heav'ns thy hand hath spread;
e But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
—The kneeling crowd, with looks devout behold
Their silver saviours and their saints of gold.

a 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd!—'Tis hard to say,
Which the more stupid,—or their gods or they.
o O Israel, trust the Lord; HE hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.

o 6 In God we trust: our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;
e Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
s But we are sav'd, and live: let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God who built the skies.

PSALM 116. C. M. SECOND PART. *Hymn 2d.* [*]
V. 12, &c. *Vows made in trouble, paid in the Church.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
o My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

—2 Among the saints who fill thine house,
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

c 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

o 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

—5 Now I am thine—for ever thine—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord. *St. Martin's.*

PSALM 117. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]
Praise to GOD *from all Nations.*

o 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land!
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise, and set, no more.

S. M. *Kibworth.* [*]

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure;
'Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118. C. M. SECOND PART. *Barby.* [*]
V. 17--21. *Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

o 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there—
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

o 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
—Here we have told thee our complaints,
o And here we speak thy praise.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Colchester. Mear.* [*]
V. 22, 23. CHRIST *the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD, the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

e 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
o They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

e 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

g 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

C. M. Fourth Part. *Sunday. Bethlehem.* [*]

V. 24, 25, 26. *Hosanna for the* Lord's *Day.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
o Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

o 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

o 3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
—Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

o 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

o 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise:
u The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

V. 22—27. *A new Song of Salvation by* Christ.

1 LO, what a glorious Corner Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

e 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes!
o This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners, rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest!
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest?

—4 In God's own name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
o Let the whole church address their King,
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119. C. M. First Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

V. 1, 2, 3.

o 1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
o With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

e 3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
—Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

b 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

e 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit,
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

p 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those who leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

C. M. Second Part. *Canterbury.* [*]

Devotion: Constant Converse with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;

I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.
Ver. 31.
2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up:
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.
V. 164.
3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.
V. 62.
4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

C. M. THIRD PART. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Sincerity, and devoted Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.
o 1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
Ver. 30, 14.
2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
Ver. 59.
e 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
o Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
Ver. 94, 114.
d 5 Now I am thine,—forever thine,—
e O save thy servant, Lord!
o Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

—6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil;
o And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

C. M. Fourth Part. *Mear.* [*]

Instructions from scripture.

Ver. 9.

b 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
—Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

o 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

—3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men who keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
o But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

g 6 (The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

b 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
g Not earth stands firmer than thy word:
Nor stars so nobly shine.)

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

—8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!

That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

C. M. Fifth Part. *Barby.* [*]

Delight in the Scriptures.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage—
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me an heav'nly song!

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast!
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much delights my taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,—
And there I write thy praise.

C. M. Sixth Part. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right.
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight.
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be:"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

C. M. Seventh Part. *Bedford.* [*]

Imperfection of Nature; Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look?

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

e 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

e 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

—6 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

C. M. Eighth Part. *York.* [*]

The Word of God *the Saint's Portion.*

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
o There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

b 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight ;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

—3 'Tis a broad land—of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,—
o Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

—4 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest :
g Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

C. M. Ninth Part. *Abridge.* [*]

Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand ;
My service is thy due ;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

p 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

—5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart;
o His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart. —

C. M. TENTH PART. *Swanwick.* [b]

Pleading the Promises.

V. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember, and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

e 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Does not my heart address thy throne?—
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

p 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

e 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
— Then let thy truth appear;
o Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

C. M. ELEVENTH PART. *Hymn 2d.* [b]

Breathing after Holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy spirit down—to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord ;
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

e 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

o 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

C. M. TWELFTH PART. *Wantage.* [b]

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

e 1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause ;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

p 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear ;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

—3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress ;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

e 4 Mine eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
'And make my comforts rise?'

Ver. 132.

—5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
o As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those who love thy name.

C. M. THIRTEENTH PART. *Colchester.* [*]

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
O let me never stray,
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean;
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
a My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

e 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

p 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

—6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
o While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

C. M. FOURTEENTH PART. *Reading.* [b*]

Benefit of Afflictions and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord;
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end!

Ver. 71.

2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray:
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

C. M. Fifteenth Part. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy statutes, ev'ry hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
o Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

—3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large.

Ver. 13, 46.

o 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

—5 Let bands of persecutors rise,
To rob me of my right,—
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

o 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
o I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

C. M. Sixteenth Part. *Plymouth.* [b]

Prayer for quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

p 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

e 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

e 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?

e And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!

—6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

L. M. First Part. *Babylon.* [b]

Courage and Perseverance under Trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:

My soul dissolves for heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.
Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.
Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws,
But I will trust, and fear thy name,
'Till pride and malice die with shame.

L. M. Second Part. *Quercy.* [*]

Afflictions sanctified.

V. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand—
How kind was thy chastising rod!
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

e 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
p I left my guide, and lost my way,
—But now I love, and keep thy word.
V. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.
Ver. 72.

o 4 The law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more,
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.
Ver. 73.

—5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.
Ver. 74.

o 6 Then all who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. C. M. *Dorset.* [*b]

Complaint of Strife, and Desire for Peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit!

2 Hard lot of mine, my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms;
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. L. M. *Sheffield. Truro.* [*]

Divine Protection.

g 2 HE lives! the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made;
And the dark regions of the dead!

—3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

o 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.

—5 No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

o 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

—7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r;
e And, in thy last departing hour,
o Angels, who trace the airy road;
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P. M. *Allerton.* [*]

GOD *our Preserver.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
o God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

— 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
o Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
o Thou art my sun
And thou my shade,
To guard my head,
By night or noon.

o 4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
To keep my mortal breath:

s I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high,
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Bethlehem.* [*]

Going to Church.

o 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say ;
o "In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day !"

—2 I love her gates, I love the road !
g The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.

o 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
e The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

—4 He hears our praises, and complaints,
e And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice !

b 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

—6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
g Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

P. M. *Dalston.* [*]

Joy in the Worship and Blessedness of Zion.

b 1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
o "Come let us seek our God to-day !"
o Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

— 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,

And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
o He bids the saints be glad;
e He makes the sinner sad;
—And humble souls rejoice with fear.

b 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
o A thousand blessings on him rest.

— 5 My tongue repeats her vows—
e "Peace to this sacred house!"
—For here my friends and kindred dwell,
o And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode;
My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 123. C. M. *China.* [*]

Pleading with Submission.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign,
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;—

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
'Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those who in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. L. M. *Nantwich. Truro.* [*]

Song for Deliverance.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;—

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath:
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death—
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul!

u 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird, with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

u 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

g 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He who upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

o 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they,
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

— 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground;
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

e 3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

p 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and pious fear—
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

— 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint:
o The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

e 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
a We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. C. M. *Sunday. Swanwick.* [*]

A remarkable Display of Divine Grace.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
u My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

—2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
o My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
o And sung surprising grace.

d 3 "Great is the work!" my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
"Great is the work!" my heart reply'd,
o "And be the glory thine."

o 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

—5 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
'Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
o And shout the blessings home.

—6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
o The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Success and Happiness from God.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost,
And pains, to build the house, are lost;

If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;—

3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest:
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

o 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM 128. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Family Blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase:
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Persecutors Punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife:
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough hath torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh;
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd,
With horrour to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men, who hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

PSALM 130. C. M. *Abridge.* *Sunday.* [*]

Pardoning Grace.

e 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

a 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge, iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

—3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

e 5 (Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;—

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meet the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.)

o 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

o 8 There's full redemption at his throne,
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his son;
And Israel shall be sav'd.

L. M. *Bath. Armley.* [*]

Pardoning Grace.

a 1 FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

—2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

e 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display!

o 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

g 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. C. M. *York.* [b]

Humility and Submission.

e 1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

a 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

—3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

V. 5, 13—18. *The House of* God.

1 WHERE shall we go, to seek and find
An habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

o 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

—3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
o Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

e 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread:
Sinners who wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

—5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

o 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

C. M. *Christmas. Swanwick.* [*]

V. 4,5,7,8,15-17. God's *Presence the Glory of his House.*

o 4 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
e Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

e 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

—6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

e 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and pow'r divine.

g 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite,
In bands of piety!

b 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

o 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

Union and Peace.

b 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

o 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head,
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

o 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

P. M. *Dalston.* [*]

The Blessings of Friendship.

b 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move;—
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment, shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume;
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

o 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

PSALM 134. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Daily and nightly Devotion.

1 YE who obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
e Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

o 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
o Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

o 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quick'ning grace;
g The God who spread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. L. M. 1st Part. *All Saints.* [*]

V. 1–4, 14,19–21. *The Church* God's *House and Care.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

e 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

o 4 Through ev'ry age, the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
g And will be known th' Almighty God.

o 5 Bless him, all ye who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

L. M. Second Part. *Psalm* 97. *Blendon.* [*]

V. 5—12. *Creation, Providence, and Redemption.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar!
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store!

a 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land!
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand!

o 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

g 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

C. M. *Hartford.* [*]

Praise due to GOD, *not to Idols.*

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

o 2 Great is the Lord: and works unknown,
Are his divine employ:
e But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

g 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

—4 All pow'r, that kings or gods have claim'd,
Is found with him alone:
e But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH'S known.

e 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust,
Can give them show'rs of rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

—8 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
o He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136. P. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Praise for Divine Perfections and Works.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.

d His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

—2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders he hath done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

—3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light :
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
d His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

a 8 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin ;
And pity'd the sad state,
The ruin'd world was in.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

o 9 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe ;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
d His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

s 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King ;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
d Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

L. M. *Truro.* [*]

Creation, Providence, and Grace.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise :
Mercy and truth are all his ways :

d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

—3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

—5 (The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
d Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.)

e 6 (He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.)

o 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
d Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

—8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
d His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM 138. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

Restoring and preserving Grace.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

e 2 Angels who make the church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes,
To thy fair temple in the skies.

—3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

e 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
—Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

o 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. L. M. 1st PART. *Bath. Geneva.* [*]

The all-seeing God.

e 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

p 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

—7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
a Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

—8 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea;
o Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

—9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

e 10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare,
Consent to sin; for God is there!

L. M. Second Part. *Portugal.* [*]

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me, thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

4 At last to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame!
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members of the mind.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impress'd;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find,
God and his love possess my mind.

C. M. First Part. *Wantage.* [b]

God's *Omnipresence and Omniscience.*

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try,
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

o 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PAUSE. *Windsor.*

a 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

e 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
o Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

—8 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the West;
Thy hand which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
o Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

g 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
e O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

C. M. SECOND PART. *Colchester.* [*]

Wisdom of GOD *in the Formation of Man.*

1 WHEN I, with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work! I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;

'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thy art.

o 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous skill ;
But I review myself and find
e Diviner wonders still.

g 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

C. M. THIRD PART. *York.* [*]

The Mercies of GOD *innumerable.*

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
o Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

e 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands—
The product of thy skill ;
o And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

—3 These on my heart by night I keep,
e How kind, how dear to me !
o O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 141. L. M. *Worship. Dresden.* [*]

Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5. *Watchfulness and Brotherly Love.*

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worhip rise,
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

e 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord;
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
e Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

e 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
—And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [b]

God the Hope of the Helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints, before his throne,
I pour'd out all my grief.

p 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burden knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers past me by.
Neglected and unknown.

o 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near;
d "Thou art my portion when I die,—
"Be thou my refuge here."

e 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
— Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free;
o Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

Complaint and Hope.

a 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

p 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

—5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hand to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

p 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye,
—Make haste to help—before I die.

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,—
And lift my weary soul on high:
For thee sit waiting all the day,—
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
o I flee to hide me near my God.

—11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

PSALM. 144. C. M. 1st Part. *Bedford.* [*]

V. 1, 2. *Aid and Victory in Spiritual Warfare.*

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper, so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine;
And his shall be the praise.

C. M. Second Part. *Reading.* [b]

V. 3,4,5,6. *Vanity of Man, and Condescension of* God.

p 1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust!

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
—That God should make it his concern,
To visit him with grace!

g 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down!
Who shakes the worlds above!
And mountains tremble at his frown—
How wondrous is his love!

L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

V. 12—15. *The Happy City and Nation.*

1 HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set;
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM 145. L. M. *Green's. Nantwich.* [*]

The Greatness of GOD.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.

u 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

—3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,—
e But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

g 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty Divine:
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

o 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

e 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
—Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
g Vast—and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast—and immortal be thy praise.

C. M. First Part. *Barby. Mitcham.* [*]

Ver. 1—7, 11—13. *The greatness of* God.

o 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love,
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

—2 Great is the Lord; his pow'r unknown;
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

o 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.

—4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy Name,
And children learn thy ways;
o Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

u 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

g 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy saints are rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,—
Though rocks and hills remove.

C. M. Second Part. *Swanwick.* [*]

Ver. 7, &c. *The Goodness of* God.

o 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing.

—2 God reigns on high; but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
o Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

e 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
o Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

e 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
e How slow thine anger moves!
o But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

o 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

C. M. THIRD PART. *Sunday.* [*]

Ver. 14—17, &c. *Mercy to Sufferers.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all!
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor who fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

PSALM 146. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.

4 HAPPY the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

e 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

—7 He loves his saints ; he knows them well ;
e But turns the wicked down to hell :
o Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

Praise for Divine Goodness and Truth.

o 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
—My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

e 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
e Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.

o 3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train :
—His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

e 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

—5 He loves his saints ; he knows them well ;
e But turns the wicked down to hell :
o Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :

o Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

s 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. L. M. 1st Part. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names!
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

Pause. *Castle-Street.*

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

C. M. *Hartford.* [*]

V. 7—9, 13—18. *The Seasons of the Year.*

o 1 WITH songs and honours, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

b 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

o 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

e 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

o 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

b 7 He sends his word and melts the snow.
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

o 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
g With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 148. P. M. *Triumph.* [*]

Praise to GOD *from all Creatures.*

o 1 YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n and earth and seas.

And offer notes divine,
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

— 3 The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
o He spake the word,— | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

g 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels,
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways, | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak his praise.

e 8 Ye kings and judges, fear,
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream | Make you forget
Of pow'r and state, | His pow'r supreme.

o 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine;
e While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
o Wide as he reigns | By ev'ry tongue,
His name be sung, | In endless strains.

g 10 Let all the nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honours high.

L. M. Paraphrased. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Universal Praise to God.

g 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful—down to hell.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
o Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

—9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
e When nature all around you sings;
u O for a shout—from old and young,—
From humble swains, and lofty kings.

g 10 Wide—as his vast dominion lies—
Make the Creator's name be known:
u Loud—as his thunder—shout his praise,
g And sound it lofty—as his throne.

e 11 JEHOVAH—'tis a glorious word,—
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue;
o But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

o 12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord!
u From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Universal Praise.

1 LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when you rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,—
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord;
When ye in dreadful storms conspire,
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd:
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Saints judging the World.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
o And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

e 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, who lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

—4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing:
For God shall raise the dead.

o 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

g 6 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

PSALM 150. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]

Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A song of Praise.*

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals:
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise;
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;

Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

C. M.

LET God,—the father and the Son
And Spirit,—be ador'd;
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in one,—
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n—
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

P. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal king, | While faith adores.

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

PART II.

WATTS'S HYMNS ABRIDGED.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M. *Devizes. St. Asaph's.* [*]

A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

e 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

—3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:

e Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

s 6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
Forever, on thy head.

d 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood;
Hast set the pris'ners free:
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with thee!

g 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r:
Then shorten these delaying days;
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2. L. M. *Castle-street.* [*]

The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST. John i, 1, Col. i, 16; and Eph. iii, 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd
From everlasting was the Word;

With God he was ; the Word was God !
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

p 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms—
The Word descends and dwells in clay :
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

o 5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
e How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.

g 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell,
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3. S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

The Nativity of Christ. Luke i, 30, &c. Luke ii, 10.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears !
The promise is fulfill'd !
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child !

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears,
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

e 5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly ;
"The promis'd Infant, born to day,
"Does in a manger lie.

6 "With looks, and hearts, serene,
"Go visit Christ, your king :"
—And straight a flaming troop was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing :—

T "Glory to God on high !
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
With will to men, to angels joy,
Eternal the Redeemer's birth."

HYMN 5. C. M. *Canterbury. Isle of Wight.* [b]

Submission to afflictive Providence. Job i, 21.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

e 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

—3 'Tis God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives—and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

a 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

o 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
e And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 7. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Invitation of the Gospel. Isa. lv, 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

o 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,—
e And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:—

o 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

o 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
e And pine away, and die:
o Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

o 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

d 6 (Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked—and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.)

e 8 (Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!)

o 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
—Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 9. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Proffered Grace. Isa. lv, 1, 2; Zech. xiii, 1; Mic. vii, 19; Ezek. xxxvi, 25, &c.

e 1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings, earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.

o 2 Come—and the Lord shall feed our souls,
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

—3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains—
e In the dear fountain, that his Son,—
Pour'd from his dying veins.

d 7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrours cannot move,—

That fears no threat'nings of his wrath—
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

—8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd;
And, from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

o 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
d We—the dear people of his love,
And He—our God of grace.

HYMN 10. S. M *Newton. St. Thomas's.* [*]

The Blessedness of Gospel Times. Isa. v, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii, 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

b 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are?
o "Zion, behold thy Saviour—King,
"He reigns and triumphs here!"

o 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!—
—Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

o 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
e Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!

o 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
o Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

g 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

The Sovereignty of Grace. Luke x, 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth and heav'ns and seas.

2 "I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
"From men of prudence and of might;
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
"And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
"But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Gloucester. Newcourt.* [*]

Christ's unchangeable Love. Rom. viii, 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He, who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith has an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in a dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 16. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi, 9; Luke xix, 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son,
Of David's ancient line!
e His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

—2 The Root of David, here we find,
And Offspring, is the same;
e Eternity and time are join'd,
In our Emmanuel's name.

o 3 Bless'd He, who comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heav'n!
u Hosannas of the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

—4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their tongues;
o Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 18. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Blessed—who die in the Lord. Rev. xiv, 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead!
a Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

—2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
e How kind their slumbers are!
—From suff'rings, and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

o 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;

g The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 19. C. M. *Barby. Zion.* [*]
Simeon ; or, happy Death. Luke i, 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came ;
And hope to meet our Saviour here—
O make our joys the same !

o 2 With what divine, and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd ;
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy Child.

e 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cry'd ;
" Behold thy servant dies :
" I've seen thy great salvation, Lord ;
" And close my peaceful eyes,

o 4 " This is the Light, prepar'd to shine,
" Upon the Gentile lands ;
" Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
" To break their slavish bands."

—5 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul !

HYMN 21. C. M. *York.* [*]
Kingdom of Christ among Men. Rev. xxi, 1, 2, 3, 4.

o 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes !

g The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

o 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

—3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—

o " Mortals, behold the sacred seat
" Of your descending King.

—4 "The God of glory, down to men,
"Removes his bless'd abode;
e "Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he their loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe thy tears,
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."

—6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
u Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 25. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

A Vision of the Lamb. Rev. v, 6, 7, 8, 9.

o 1 ALL mortal vanities, be gone!
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
e Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears!

—4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And, in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

5 The joy, the shout, the harmony—
o Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
o "Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

o 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain;
And with transporting pleasure sing,
u *Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,*
To be our Teacher and our King!

e 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, who did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

g 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord—
Who dy'd for treasons not his own—
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMM 26. C. M. *St. Martin's. Bedford.* [*]

Hope of Heaven by CHRIST. 1 Pet. i, 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

e 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
o He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

e 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
o Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

o 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

g 5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept,
'Till the salvation come:
e We walk by faith, as strangers here,
o 'Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [*]

A Saint prepared to die. 2 Tim. iv, 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 (DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home!
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

o 2 With heav'nly weapons, I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,—
And wait the sure reward.)

—3 God has laid up in heav'n, for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
e The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

—4 Nor has the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

o 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe,
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

g 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. AMEN.

HYMN 30. L. M. *Blendon.* [b*]

Prayer for Deliverance heard. Isa. xxvi, 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

e 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restore the light.

e 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
o But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

d 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes:
b A voice of music to his friends;
u But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

e 5 'Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace;
o 'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.'

HYMN 39. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

GOD'S *tender Care of his Church.* Isa. xlix, 13, 14, &c.

o 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty Love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

—2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown;
o And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To shower salvation down.

e 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
—Is he a God? and shall his grace,
Grow weary of his saints?

a 4 Can a kind mother e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And, 'mongst a thousand tender tho'ts,
Her suckling have no room?

—5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
o "Zion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting Love.

g 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands,
"I have engrav'd her name:
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame,"

HYMN 40. L. M. *Newcourt.* *]
Saints in Heaven. Rev. vii, 13—15, &c.

b 1 WHAT happy men, or angels, these—
That all their robes are spotless white!
Whence did this glorious troop arrive,
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

e 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

g 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

o 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

g 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Thro' the vast round of endless years;
e And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN 48. L. M. *Nantwich. Leeds.* [*]
The Christian Race. Isa. xl, 28—31.

1 AWAKE, our souls! (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;)

o Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

e 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
—But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

g 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

o 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our soul shall drink a full supply;
e While such as trust their native strength,
a Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

o 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Works of MOSES, *and of the* LAMB. Rev. xv, 3.

2 CHRIST has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet, and our King:
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drown'd:
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

e 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place:
o But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home,
To see his Father's face.

s 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And I feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Song of Zacharias. Luke i, 68, &c. John i, 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root,
With blessings from the skies:
o He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

o 6 Be every vale exalted high;
Sink, ev'ry mountain low:
e The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

o 7 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see,
The glory of the Lord.

o 8 Behold the morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit:
—He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.

HYMN 51. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

o 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne:
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

o 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with pow'r belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Baptism. Matt. xxviii, 19. Acts ii, 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptise :
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands ;
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins ;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the great Eternal Three,
In heav'n our solemn vows record !

HYMN 54. L. M. *Quercy. Leeds.* [*]

Saints beloved in CHRIST. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;
Thy God and ours is one, the same ;
What heav'nly blessings, from his throne,
Flow down to sinners through his Son !

2 "Christ be my first Elect," he said ;
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head ;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin ;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

o 5 With Christ, our Lord, we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his First Belov'd.

HYMN 56. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

The Song of Moses *and the* Lamb. Rev. xv, 3; *and* xvi, 19, *and* xvii, 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works;
Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,—
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

e 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Adam, First and Second. Rom. v, 12, &c. Ps. li, 5.. Job xiv, 4.

e 1 BACKWARD, with humble shame we look
On our original;
p How is our nature dash'd, and broke,
In our first father's fall!

e 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

p 3 Conceiv'd in sin, (O wretched state)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood,
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

—7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love,
Can make our nature clean;
While Christ, and grace, prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

o 8 The Second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
o Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
That new creates our dust.

HYMN 59. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Babylon *Fallen.* Rev. xviii, 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone
Lies—a fair type of Babylon:
e "Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints;
"God shall avenge your long complaints."

2 He said,—and dreadful as he stood,
o He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
o "Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
e "Thus—and no more be found at all."

HYMN 60. L. M. *Truro.* [*]

Mary's *Song; or*, Messiah *born.* Luke i, 46, &c.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

4 To those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abra'am and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd."
The mem'ry of that ancient word,
Lay long in his eternal breast.

o 6 But now no more shall Israel wait;
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
e Lo, the Desire of nations comes;
Behold, the promis'd Seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

CHRIST, *our Priest and King.* Rev. i, 5—7.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
o And strains of nobler praise above.

—2 'Twas he, who cleans'd our foulest sins;
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he, who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

o 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

e 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move!
e Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
o Then he displays his pard'ning love.

e 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
o While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

HYMN 62. C. M. *Christmas. Devizes.* [*]

The Lamb of GOD *Worshipped.* Rev. v, 11—13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
o Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
—Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

o 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

o 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
u Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

g 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name,
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Humiliation and Exaltation.* Rev. v, 12.

e 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb;
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

—2 Worthy is He, who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groan'd and died
o Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

—3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
e Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
—*Wisdom* belongs to Jesus too,
e Tho' he was charg'd with *madness* there.

—4 All riches are his native right,
e Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
o To him ascribe eternal might,
—Who left his weakness on the cross.

o 5 Honour, immortal, must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

o 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
g Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, AMEN.

HYMN 64. S. M. *Dover. Newton.* [*]

Adoption. 1 John iii, 1, &c. Gal. vi, 6.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,—
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor does it yet appear,
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 67. L. M. *Sicilian. Moreton.* [b*]

Seeking the Pastures of CHRIST. Cant. i, 7.

1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love--
e Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?

c 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown?
o My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

o 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

e 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
o Here, to these hills, my soul would come,
'Till my Beloved lead me home.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Love to his Church.* Cant. ii, 8—13.

1 THE voice of my beloved sounds,
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies—to my relief.

c 2 Now, through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
—Now, in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shows the beauties of his face.

b 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties, and his tongue;
u "Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

b 4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
—"The sacred turtle dove we hear
o "Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

—5 "The immortal vine of heav'nly root
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit;"
e Lo we are come to taste the wine;
o Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

—6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
o "Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
u Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 72. L. M. *Leeds. Green's.* [*]

Coronation of CHRIST, *and Espousals of the Church.* Cant. iii, 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Zion, come behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

o 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

b 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee!
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

o 4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

—5 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys:
o 'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

o 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
g The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 74. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

The Garden of CHRIST. Cant. iv, 12—15; v. 1.

b 1 WE are a garden, wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
A little spot—enclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

—2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

o 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

—4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

o 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
e But the rich food, on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

HYMN 76. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

CHRIST *in Heaven and on Earth.* Cant. vi, 1—3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe

o 6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith above the skies;
e 'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

HYMN 80. L. M. *Bethel.* [b*]

An evening Hymn. Ps. iv, 8; iii, 5, 6: cxlii, 8.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning should make known,
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

e 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
—But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

e 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
—While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

e 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
o And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 81. L. M. *Nantwich. Sicilian.* [*]

A Song for Morning and Evening. Lam. iii, 23; Isa. xlv, 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

GOD *far above Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal.* Job iv, 17—21.

e 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood,
Contend with their Creator God?
a Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

—2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay?
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint, and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

p 5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* [b]

Affliction and Death under Providence. Job v, 6, 7, 8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
p Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

—2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
p So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

—3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

o 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Christ the Saviour. Isa. xlv, 21—25.

e 1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear!
Let all the earth rejoice, and fear!
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours, and his names.

d 2 "I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just;
There's none besides pretends to shew
Such justice and salvation too.

3 (Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

g 4 I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.)

5 In me, alone, shall men confess,
Lies all their strength and righteousness:

e But such as dare despise my Name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

—6 In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed;
And by their shining graces prove
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 87. L. M. *Green's. Castle-Street.* [*]

GOD *dwells with the humble and penitent.* Is. lvii, 15,16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
g "I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

—2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth, I have a mansion too;
e The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

—3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;

Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

e 4 (When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
a But should my wrath forever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

o 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
—Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.)

HYMN 88. L. M. *Armley. Bath.* [b]

Life the Day of Grace and Hope. Eccl. ix, 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 (Life is the hour that God has giv'n;
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace;—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.)

p 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

e 4 (Their hatred, and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.)

—5 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
e Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

e 6 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
a But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi, 9.

o 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth;—but know,
a There is a day of judgment too!

e 3 God from on high beholds your tho'ts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness, you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
p How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

—5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
o And let the thunder of thy word,
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 91. L. M. *Geneva.* [b]

Advice to Youth. Eccl. xii, 1, 7; Isa. lxv, 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
e Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*

a 2 Beheld the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

p 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,—
a But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

e 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
—And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 93. L. M. *Islington.* [b*]

CHRIST *obeyed or resisted.* Prov. viii, 34—36.

1 THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man, who hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

o 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain;

Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favour of the Lord.

e 3 But the vile wretch who flies from me,
Does his own soul an injury;
a Fools; who against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN 94. C. M. *Reading.* [b*]

Justification: or Law and Grace. Rom. iii, 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

e 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand,
Guilty before the Lord.

—3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now:
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

o 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Regeneration. John i, 13, and iii, 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

b 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

o 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
o On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 97. L. T. *Brentford.* [*]

CHRIST *our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i, 30.

e 1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie—'till Christ restores the light:
o Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
p 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears:
o Then we awake from deep distress,
o And sing, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.
e 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
—His Spirit makes our natures clean,
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse, and pardon too.
e 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
e 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
g Thou art our mighty All—and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 99. C. M. *York.* [*]

Stones made Children of Abraham. Matt. iii, 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes, that rebels place,
Upon their birth and blood;
Descended from a pious race,
Their fathers now with God.

2 He from the caves of earth and hell,
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well,
With new created sons.

3 Such wondrous pow'r does he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame;
Who call'd the world from emptiness—
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN 101. L. M. *Oporto. Moreton.* [*]

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner. Luke xv, 7, 10.

e 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return—
To see an heir of glory born

—2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
o And Saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Beatitudes. Matt. v, 2—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls, who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
e Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

a 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
—The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

e 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
o God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

e 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
o They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

a 5 Blest are the men, whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
—From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

e 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
o With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

e 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
o They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

—8 Blest are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
u Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
g Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 103. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Not ashamed of the Gospel. 2 Tim. i, 12.

o 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

e 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,—
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

g 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure,
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

o 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. C. M. *York.* [*]

State of Nature and Grace. 1 Cor. vi, 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious, nor profane
The wanton, nor the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

a 2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin!
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

o 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

—4 O for a persevering pow'r,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Heaven. 1 Cor. ii, 9, 10. Rev. xxi, 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd,
For those who love the Son.

o 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

b 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

—4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

o 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
e The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN 106. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

Dead to Sin, by the Cross of CHRIST. Rom. vi, 1—6.

e 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because free grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

— 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd
Should raise them from the dead.

o 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

Fall and Recovery of Man. Gen. iii, 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv, 4. Col. ii, 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father fell!
When Satan in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

e 2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

—3 But Satan found a worse reward :
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
o "Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's Seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done :
Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

—5 He spake—and bade four thousand years
Roll on ; at length his Son appears :
s Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

p 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;
—But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
o He gave their prince a fatal blow,
u And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

HYMN 108. S. M. *Dover.* [*]

CHRIST *unseen, yet beloved.* 1 Pet. i, 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M. *Portugal. Armley.* [*]

The Value of CHRIST & *his Righteousness.* Phil. iii, 7–9

1 NO more, my God,—I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;

Oh may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110. C. M. *St. Paul's. Canterbury.* [*]
Death and immediate Glory. 2 Cor. v, 1, 5, 8.

o 1 THERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
e And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

e 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
s Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

—3 'Tis He by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heav'n;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
e But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

—5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
o We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M. *Reading.* [*]
Salvation by Grace. Titus iii, 3, 7.

e 1 (LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

o 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.)

—3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
o But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.

—4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

p 5 'Tis through the purchase of His death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe,
On such dry bones as we.

o 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew :
And, justify'd by grace,
s We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

The Brazen Serpent. 2 John ver. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

d 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live !" the prophet cries !
e But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

—3 High on the cross the Saviour hung !
High in the heav'ns he reigns !
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

g 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Wareham.* [*]

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii, 7. Rom. xv, 8. Mark x, 14.

1 HOW large the promise—how divine—
To Abra'am and his seed ;
d "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

—2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

b 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

o 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The same. Rom. xi, 16, 17.

e 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;
o Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

—2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

o 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God ;
e Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

o 4 Thus to the parents, and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come ;
o And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Conviction by the Law. Rom. vii, 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 (My guilt appear'd but small before,
'Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again ;

I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.)
p 5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
—6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Love to God *and our Neighbour.* Matt. xxii, 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite,
To love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affection and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself,
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

a 4 But oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
—Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. L. M. *Blendon. Bath.* [*b]

Election Sovereign and Free. Rom. ix, 21—24.

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his just decrees.

e 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just, and gracious still?

—6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust?—
o The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.

p 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright,
Should dazzle and confound thy sight;
Yet still, his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

g 8 Then he shall make his justice known;
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terrour shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. S. M. *St. Bridge's.* [*]

Sin against the Law and Gospel. John i, 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6; x, 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace and truth and love,
Were brought by *Christ*, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

o 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The Sov'reign and the Head.

e 4 The man who durst despise
The law that Moses brought!
p Behold! how terribly he dies—
For his presumptuous fault.

e 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Various success of the Gospel. 1 Cor. i, 23, 24; 2 Cor. ii, 16; 1 Cor. iii, 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

o 2 But souls, enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

—3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath,
e But unbelief perverts the same
a To guilt, despair, and death.

—4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Faith of Things unseen. Heb. xi, 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home—
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith, we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abrah'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
o And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii,7,10. Acts xvi, 14.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee:
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing Jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:

To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 122. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

Believers buried with CHRIST. Rom. vi, 3, 4, &c.

e 1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptis'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

o 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
o So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

—3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts, we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Reading.* [♭*]

The Repenting Prodigal. Luke xv, 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Has wasted his estate!
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

p 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

—3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face;
p "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

o 4 He said,—and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
—The father saw the rebel come,
e And all his bowels move.

u 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
p The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

o 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
o (The father gives command)
o Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 A day of feasting I ordain ;
Let mirth and joy abound !
s My son was dead,—and lives again ;
Was lost—and now is found."

HYMN 124. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

The First and Second Adam. Rom. v, 12, &c.

e 1 DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
a Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame !

2 Adam the sinner : at his fall
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all :
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

c 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrours of thy law,
o We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own :
g Adam the Second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

HYMN 125. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Compassion to the weak and Tempted.* Heb. iv, 16 ; v, 7. Matt. xii, 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
e His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

p 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

—3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
e While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

p 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
e And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

b 5 (He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.)

o 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
o We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Charity & uncharitableness. Rom.xiv,17,19. 1Cor.x,32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue:
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Invitation to Sinners.* Matt. xi, 28—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 They shall find rest, who learn of me,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

o 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

The Apostles' *Commission.* Mark xvi, 15, &c. Matt. xviii, 18, &c.

1 "GO, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
o He shall be sav'd, who trusts my word;
e He shall be damn'd, who wont believe.

—2 I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true;
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

g 3 Go heal the sick; go raise the dead;
Go cast out devils in my name:
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All pow'r is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend.'

o 5 He spake,—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
g They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

Abraham *offering his Son.* Gen. xxii, 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son, at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took;
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

d 3 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
"Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

o 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b*]

Love and Hatred. Phil. ii, 2. Eph. iv, 30, &c.

e 1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,—
By his last groans, his dying blood,—
I charge my soul to love the saints.

—2 Clamour and wrath and war begone,
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known,
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

e 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
—So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. L. M. *Islington.* [b*]

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii, 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, how sinners disagree,—
The Publican and Pharisee!

o One doth his righteousness proclaim,
e The other owns his guilt and shame.

p 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;

o That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

—3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows:

o The humble soul with grace he crowns,
e Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

—4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
e I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M. *Brentford. Oporto.* [*]

Holiness and Grace. Tit. ii, 10, 13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express,
The holy Gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

e 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
o Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

—4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
v The bright appearance of the Lord;—
—And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. C. M. *York.* [*]

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii, 2—7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 (Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.)

4 (She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.)

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good:—
o So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

o 6 Love is the grace, that keeps her pow'r,
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Islington. Quercy.* [b*]

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii, 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;

If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still—I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;—

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent—all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. L. M. *Sicilian. Green's.* [*]
Love of Christ in the Heart. Eph. iii, 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
o Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

s 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do,
More than our tho'ts or wishes know;
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church—thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Abridge. Plymouth.* [b*]
Sincerity and Hypocrisy. John iv, 24. Ps. cxxxix, 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honour can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

e 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
o Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. L. M. *Leeds. Castle-Street.* [*]

Salvation by Grace in CHRIST. 2 Tim. i, 9, 10.

1 NOW, to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n ;
He saves from hell—(we bless his name,)
He calls our wand'ring feet to Heav'n.

e 2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
o But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

—3 'Twas his own purpose, that begun
To rescue rebels, doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

o 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
o Declares the great transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal blessings down.

e 5 He dies !—and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;
o Rising—he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Saints in the Hands of CHRIST. John x, 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth, thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All, whom his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 139 L. M. *Green's.* [b*]

Hope in the Covenant. Heb. vi, 17—19.

e 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God?
o But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

—2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
g Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

e 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
—Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

o 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
g A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140. C. M. *York. Reading.* [b*]

A living and a dead Faith.

e 1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast—
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
—None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

o 3 'Tis faith, that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

o 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

e 5 (Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

—6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The Minister of sin.
o 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
—Jesus, and his salvation came,
By water and by blood.)

HYMN 141. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Humiliation and Exaltation of CHRIST. Isa. liii, 1—5, 10—12.

e 1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
o Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.
e 2 The Jews estem'd him here,
Too mean for their belief;
p Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.
— 3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
p But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.
a 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.
— 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
o My pleasure, saith the God of grace,
Shall prosper in his hand.
o 6 (His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain;
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.)
o 7 (Ten thousand captive slaves,
Releas'd from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons, and their graves,
And own his pow'r Divine.)
u 8 Heav'n shall advance my Son,
To joys that earth deny'd;
e Who saw the follies men had done,
a And bore their sins, and died."

HYMN 142. S. M. *Bingham.* [b]

The same. Isa. liii, 6—9—12.

e 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

p 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head.

o 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke;
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

a 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

o 5 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men:
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.

g 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN 143. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

b 1 AS new born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive:
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

—5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.

e 6 Not by the terrours of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
o But with the noblest pow'rs they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

—7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God, within the vail;

Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

o 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of ever flowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

e 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

—10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
d Then shall I say, *My Father, God*,
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Canterbury. York.* [b*]
The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii, 14, 16. Eph. i, 13, 14.

e 1 WHY should the children of a king,
Go mourning all their days?
o Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

e 2 Dost thou not dwell with all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

—3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

o 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Sunday. Christmas.* [*]
CHRIST *and Aaron.* Heb. vii, and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

e 2 They first their own burnt off'rings bro't,
To purge themselves from sin;
o Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

c 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood—but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne.

o 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

o 7 Jesus the King of glory, reigns,
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

—8 He ever lives—to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. L. M. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]

The excellencies of CHRIST.

1 GO worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours, not her own.

c 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
o There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

g 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 148. P. M *Allerton.* [*]

Scriptural Titles of CHRIST.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord;
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

e 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright,
With mild and lovely rays:
—The eternal God's | Inherits and
Eternal Son | Partakes the throne.

g 3 The sov'reign *King of kings*,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd | He rules the earth
The Word of God; | With iron rod.

— 4 When promises and grace
Can neither melt or move,
o The angry *Lamb* resents
The injuries of his love:
u Awakes his wrath | As lions roar,
Without delay, | And tear the prey.

b 5 But, when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, | Nor will he bear
And Life of men! | Those names in vain.

o 6 Immense compassion reigns
In our *Emmanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a Friend | Divinely kind,
And Brother too; | Divinely true.

g 7 At length the Lord, the *Judge*,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints | The heights and depths
Completely prove | Of all his love.

HYMN 150. P. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Scriptural characters of CHRIST.

o 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r.

That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:

e All are too mean, | Too mean to set
To speak his worth; | My Saviour forth.

d 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Does our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!

—Mine eyes, with joy | What forms of love
And wonder, see | He bears for me.

e 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:

o Commission'd from | To make his grace
His Father's throne; | To mortals known.

— 4 [Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:

o The joyful news | Of hell subdu'd,
Of sins forgiv'n, | And peace with heav'n.]

— 5 [Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side.

e O let my feet | Nor rove nor seek
Ne'er run astray, | The crooked way!]

e 6 [I love my *Shepherd's* voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul, among
The thousands of his sheep:

b He feeds his flock, | His bosom bears
He calls their names: | The tender lambs.]

o 7 [To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:

Behold my soul | My *Surety* paid
At freedom set! | The dreadful debt.]

p 8 [*Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died;
— My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
o His pow'rful blood | *e* And now it pleads
Did once atone; | Before the throne.]

o 9 [My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
o Not all that hell | Shall turn his heart,
Or sin can say, | His love away.]

g 10 [My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r; | In willing bonds,
a Behold I sit | Beneath thy feet.]

u 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
u My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
—A feeble saint | *o* Though death and hell
Shall win the day; | Obstruct the way.

œ 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe— | Superior pow'r,
For *Christ* displays | And guardian grace.]

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

A Song of Praise to God.

1 NATURE, with all her pow'rs, shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.]

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his Name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.]

4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
HOSANNA—from ten thousand tongues.

9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 3. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Canterbury.* [*b]

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
—'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

o 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

—3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
o There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

—4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
e Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

o 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
o Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great, rising day.

s 6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. L. M. *Carthage. Pleyel's.* [b*]

Salvation in the Cross.

p 1 HERE, at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love!
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus—nor shall it e'er remove.

—2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,—
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, here to die.

e 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
d Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

o 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
o Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 6. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

A Morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To Him who rules the skies.

o 2 Night unto night, his Name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
g Wide as the heav'n, on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

—3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
o My tongue shall speak his praise;
e My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
— And yet his wrath delays.

e 4 (On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
p Thy jusitce might have crush'd me dead,
— But mercy held thine hand.

p 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun:
—And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.)

e 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light:
o Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Wantage.* [b]

An evening Song.

e 1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

—2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

o 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
e But O how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found.

p 4 What have I done for Him, who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as the minutes roll!
e 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
—And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,—
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8. C. M. *St. Martin's. Sunday.* [*]
A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
e 2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
That rais'd us with a word;
—And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
e 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
—We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
4 The rising morning can't assure,
That we shall end the day!
e For death stands ready at the door.
To seize our lives away.
o 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
—We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
o 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* [*]
Godly Sorrow from the Sufferings of CHRIST.

p 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?

Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I!

3 Was it for crimes—that I had done—
He groan'd upon the tree?—
a Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

e 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

e 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face—
While his dear cross appears;
d Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, mine eyes, in tears.

—6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
o Here, Lord, I give myself away—
— 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. C. M. *Dorset. Canterbury.* [*]

Parting with Carnal Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

o 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
o To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

o 4 (Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd;
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

g 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own All-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.)

o 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
o There sits my Saviour drest in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. L. M. *Munich. Carthage.* [b*]

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
o Away, ye tempters of the mind,
—False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

p 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

—3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superiour bliss.

o 4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes:
u O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

g 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. C. M. *Sunday. Christmas.* [*]

CHRIST *is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.*

1 THE true MESSIAH now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
o So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.

b 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kids, nor bullocks slain;
Incense and spice, of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

—3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,—
e When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

—4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;

e For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
5 Father, he cries, forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;
d And then—he shows his open'd veins,—
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M. *Old Hundred. Blendon.* [*]
The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

1 SING to the Lord who built the skies,
The Lord who rear'd this stately frame:
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'er drop, and ev'ry dust;
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
o He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
e 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
'Till all his saints are gather'd in;
o Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast—
To shake it all to dust again!
g 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
o Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
o There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN 14. S. M. *Little Marlboro.'* [*]
The LORD's *Day: or, Delight in Ordinances.*

o 1 WELCOME—sweet day of rest—
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
— 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
e Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
b 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasurable sin.

— 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,—
o And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Sicilian. Gloucester.* [*
Enjoyment of CHRIST; *or, Delight in Worship.*

1 FAR from my tho'ts, vain world begone,—
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

o 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

—3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In beauteous rows, at thy right hand;
b And, in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

o 4 Haste then—but with a smiling face—
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

b 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare?
How sweet thine entertainments are!
—Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

o 6 Hail, great Emmanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
—Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 16. L. M. *Oporto. Nantwich.* [*]
Part the Second.

e 1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face—
And lights our passion to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name.

e 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,—
o I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

b 3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,

—Here we could sit and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

o 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
—Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear Object of our love.

HYMN 17. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [*]
God's Eternity.

o 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,—
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

g 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
Jehovah liv'd alone.

—3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
e Eternity's his dwelling place,
And EVER is his time.

o 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past—
a He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

—5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
p The creatures—look, how old they grow,—
And wait their fiery doom!

o 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;—
g My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN 19. C. M. *Plymouth. Reading.* [b*]
Our Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
e But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

o 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
e A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

e 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

—4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,—
The God who built us first;
o Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

HYMN 20. C. M. *Wantage. Bangor.* [b]

c 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight!
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,
With thee no more by night?

—3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

e 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

—5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

e 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so,
Where will these wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

p 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
—Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Nantwich. Green's.* [*]

The Sight of GOD *and* CHRIST *in Heaven.*

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,—
o And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

o 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,--
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

e 3 O for a sight, a pleasant sight—
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

g 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

o 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing!
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

e 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

HYMN 24. L. M. *Psalm 97th. Blendon.* [*]

The Evil of Sin:—Fall of Angels and Men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Among the morning stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:

d *How art thou sunk in darkness down,*
Son of the morning, from the skies!

e 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race:

p 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast!

—Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he slay this treacherous guest.

o 7 Then, to thy throne victorious King,
Then, to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
o Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25. C. M. *Reading. Plymouth.* [b]

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so!
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive;
e Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

—3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move,—
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good:—
e How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

e 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
—Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

o 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 27. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Praise ye Him all his Angels. Ps. cxlviii, 2.

a 1 GOD, the eternal, awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears!
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears!

—2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place.
o But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

e 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
—But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.

o 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

o 5 Speak—for you feel his burning love,—
What zeal it spreads through all your frame;
e That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

u 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies;
Let ev'ry distant nation hear:
—And while you sound his lofty praise,
e Let humble mortals bow, and fear!

HYMN 28. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Eternity.

e 1 STOOP down, my tho'ts that used to rise;
Converse a while with death:
e Think how a gasping mortal lies,—
And pants away his breath.

p 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu!

e 3 But oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
—Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

u 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there:—
a Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

p 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel, nigh
To bear it safe above.

—6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
e And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Redemption by Price and Power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
o Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

—2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood;
e And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.

o 3 The Lamb, that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains;
o And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horrour reigns.

s 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise!—
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 30. S. M. *Newton. Kibworth.* [*]

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

e 3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
o But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

— 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
o Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

b 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

o 10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
o We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 32. C. M. *China.* [b]

Frailty and Folly.

e 1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
e Yet senseless mortals vainly strive;
To lavish out their years.

—2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home;
But we march heedless on;
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

a 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love?

—5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high;
o That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M. *Arundel. St. Asaph's.* [*]

The blessed Society in Heaven.

o 1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;
And say, there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

g 3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns!
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits!
And spreads eternal noon:
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever shining skies,
Behold the Sacred Dove!
While, banish'd, sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

o 6 The glorious tenants of the place,
Stand bending round the throne;

o And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.
e 8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,—
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there.

HYMN 34. C. M. *Isle of Wight. Zion.* [b*]

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
e 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
a Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
e 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
a Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
p 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
—5 Come Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,—
o Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

e 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never know thy grace;
o But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
o 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
u All glory to the united THREE,
The undivided ONE.
—3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
o Salvation to the Lord!

s 4 Hosanna!—let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Intercession.*

o 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

— 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
e The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

o 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

a 6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:
e But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains,
To speak immortal love! —

HYMN 38. C. M. *York.* [*]

Love to GOD.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

e 2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

o 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move;
e The devils know, and tremble too,—
But Satan cannot love.

o 4 This is the grace that lives, and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The shortness and misery of Life.

e 2 'TIS but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of three score years and ten.

o 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

—4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul;
And call her to the skies,—
o Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Comfort in the covenant with CHRIST.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

e 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
—Thy God is faithful to his saints—
Is faithful to his Son:

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd:
o I praise his Name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Castle-street.* [*]

A sight of GOD *mortifies us to the world.*

3 O MIGHT I once mount up and see,
The glories of th' eternal skies,

What little things these worlds would be?
How despicable to my eyes?

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

d 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more,
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face;
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing,
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 43. L. M. *Sheffield. Leeds.* [*]

CHRIST'S *sufferings and glory.*

o 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
o Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
u How swift and joyful was the flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

e 3 (Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high,
p He came t' atone almighty wrath:
Jesus the God was born to die.)

a 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive Pris'ner lay;
o Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

o 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit—
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

g 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

HYMN 45. L. M. *Nantwich.* [*]

GOD'S *Condescension to our Worship.*

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls:
e Will the ETERNAL dwell with us!
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

—2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

e 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine:
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
o But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Weldon. Portugal.* [*]

GOD'S *Condescension to Human Affairs.*

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
o Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

e 3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do—
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

—4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels, and his cares.

e 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

—6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high,
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

o 7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace—
o To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. L. M. *Green's. Nantwich.* [*]

Glory and Grace in the Person of CHRIST.

o 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
u And all his boundless love proclaim.

b 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
—God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

e 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:—

o 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

a 5 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
—My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
o Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
u Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

—6 Oh, may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
o Where all his beauties you behold;
And sing his name to harps of gold.

HYMN 48. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Love to the Creatures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The part'ners of our blood—
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense?

Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
o 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
o And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 51. L M. *Blendon* [*]

GOD *the Son equal with the Father.*

p 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,—
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

—4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity:
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

o 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

—6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

o 7 Then let the Name of Christ our King,
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own him Lord.

HYMN 53. C. M. *Zion.* [b*]

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

e 1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

o 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

e 5 (A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
o But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.)

e 6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
o But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

—7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.

e 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
— But we march upwards still ;
o Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

HYMN 54. C. M. *Arundel. St. Martin's.* [*]

GOD'S *Presence is light in Darkness.*

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights :—

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun ;
o He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

b 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss ;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

o 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;
u Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

o 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 55. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

e 1 THEE, we adore, Eternal Name ;
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

—3 (The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.)

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

p 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

e 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

—7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 58. C. M. *Reading.* [b*]

Shortness of Life, and Goodness of God.

e 1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste;
That we can never say, they're here,
But only say, they're past.

—4 Yet mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

o 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his Name ador'd!

HYMN 59. C. M. *St. Paul's. Hymn 2d.* [*]
Paradise on Earth.

1 GLORY to God who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

3 When Christ with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad;
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

o 4 A blooming paradise of joy,
In this wild desert springs;
And ev'ry sense I straight employ,
On sweet celestial things.

e 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes.

e 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when,
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

o 9 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
o There everlasting flow'rs arise,
There joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN 60. L. M. *Green's.* [*]
The Truth of God *the Promiser.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 (Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;

Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.)

e 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
e Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

—6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

g 7 Then should the earth's old pillar, shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

HYMN 61. C. M. *Isle of Wight* [b*]

A thought of Death and Glory.

e 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

p 2 (And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.)

e 3 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
—Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms;
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

o 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come;
And pray and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

HYMN 63. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [*]

A Funeral Thought.

e 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry—
d "Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed ;
" In spite of all your tow'rs ;
" The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
" Must lie as low as ours."

p 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

—4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
o Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M. *Green's. All Saints.* [*]

GOD *the Glory and Defence of Zion.*

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates,
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
g Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

o 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage ;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

o 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell :
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

s 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace ;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Hope of Heaven our Support on Earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

o 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
e Death like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

b 3 (Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
—So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

p 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.)

--5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
o Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

GOD'S *eternal Dominion.*

e 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
e What worthless worms are we!
g Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
a Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.

—3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,—
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

g 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

e 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
g While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

a 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
a What worthless worms are we!
g Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!

HYMN 68. C. M *Barby. St Ann's.* [*]

The Humble Worship of GOD.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
o I'd leave the earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

—2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight:
o But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

—3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

o 4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen!
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

p 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall:
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

—7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise,
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 71 C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Praise to God *from all Creatures.*

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course,
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies,
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN 72. C. M. *Sunday* [*]

Lord's *Day: or Resurrection of* Christ.

o 1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays,
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.

p 2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The great Redeemer lay—
—'Till the revolving skies had brought
The third—th' appointed day.

d 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain;

o The sleeping conqueror arose,
o And burst their feeble chain.

e 4 To thy great Name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
o And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

s 5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Doubts scattered: Joys restored.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad tho'ts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
o My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

p 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears;
—'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

o 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,—
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

—4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. S. M. *Guilford.* [b]

Ingratitude to Divine Goodness.

e 1 IS this the kind return!
Are these the thanks we owe!
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

e 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

— 3 (On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.)

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

d 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

p 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
—And hourly, as new mercies fall,
o Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 76. C. M. *Mitcham. Sunday.* [*]

Resurrection and Ascension of CHRIST.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay!
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 (Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.)

HYMN 77. L. M. *Leeds. Blendon.* [*]

The Christian Warfare.

o 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;

March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

—2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
o But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:
o Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph—when he rose.

e 3 (What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
d Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

e 4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
—The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.)

o 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
o There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

s 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 79. C. M. *Sunday Christmas.* [*]

Praise to the Redeemer.

p 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay—
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day!

a 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
o He saw—and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled:
e Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

o 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;-
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

s 6 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

e 7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
— Our souls are all on flame ;
o Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

u 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
—But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 82. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Triumph over Spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell ;
And fix'd my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd ;
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is wash'd around with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar ;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

o 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
o Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 84. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt!
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

a 5 Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head:
o Yet he arose to live, and reign,
When death itself is dead.

— 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
d For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

— 7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
e The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

g 8 There his full glories shine,
With uncreated rays;
And bless his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. C. M. *Canterbury. St. Ann's.* [*]
Sufficiency of Pardon.

e 1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

—2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies—
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell;
And have its curst foundations laid,
Low as the deeps of hell?—

e 4 See here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

o 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
—Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

o 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 87. C. M. *Arundel. Bedford.* [*]

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

e 1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be—
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity.

—2 Our soaring spirits upward rise,
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
e Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

—3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
e But still how far beneath thy feet,
Our grov'ling reason lies!

a 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind,
Can stretch a thought no more.

g 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

e 6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King;
o While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.

HYMN 88. C. M. *Doxology. Devizes.* [*]

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

e 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
o But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

s 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;

g While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Victory over Satan.*

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies:
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

e 3 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
—But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

o 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King;
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above.

s 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Pardon and Sanctification in CHRIST.

e 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
e And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

o 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;
d "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

o 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
--I would believe thy promise, Lord;
e Oh! help my unbelief.

p 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
—Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

HYMN 91. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]

The Glory of CHRIST *in Heaven.*

1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

e 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore—
o High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

e 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound—
o See—what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

—7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 93. S. M. *Bingham. Newton.* [*]

GOD *all in all.* Psalm lxxii, 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place;
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;

The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

HYMN 94. C. M. *St. Ann's. Abridge.* [*]
God *my only Happiness.* Ps. lxxiii, 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies!
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]
Looking on Him whom we pierced.

p 1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!—
Behold my bleeding Lord!—
—Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

p 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore—
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.

—3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

e 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormenters were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief a spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down,
Upon his guiltless head:
o Break, break, my heart, oh burst mine eyes,
e And let my sorrows bleed.

o 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow!
And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
In undissembled woe.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [b*]

Angels punished, and Man saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,
The rebel angels fell;
o And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
e And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

o 3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
e Must heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

p 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire--
--While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

s 5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring;
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b*]

The Same.

e 1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
a And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
e But man, vile man, forsook his bliss—
o And mercy lifts him to a crown.

g 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so;

e Our guilty treason call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

o 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
s Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise,
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN 98. C. M. *Windsor. Wantage.* [b]

Hardness of Heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast.
Just like a rock of ice!

Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne;
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep,
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,
With all its heavenly charms;
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart—it shakes not at the wrath,
And terrours, of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine,
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 102. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

A Happy Resurrection.

1 NO I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

e 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:—
o My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

s 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
—Bring that delightful--dreadful day;
o Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
e Thy ling'ring wheels—how long they stay!

HYMN 104. S M. *Peckham.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Mediation.*

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
o Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

o 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bid him raise our ruin'd race,
From their abyss of woes.

— 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terrour clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

e 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by--
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

o 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
d Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

e 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
— We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought;
o And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105. C. M *Reading.* [b]

Repentance flowing from Divine Patience.

e 1 AND are we wretches yet alive!
And do we yet rebel!
e 'Tis boundless—'tis amazing love,—
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt,
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

d 3 Almighty goodness cries—Forbear!
And strait the thunder stays:

e And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

p 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

o 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. C M *Isle of Wight. Bangor.* [b]
Repentance at the Cross.

p 1 OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow,
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord,
Hung on the cursed tree,—
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

—3 Oh, how I hate these lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins, that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh,
Fast to the fatal wood.

d 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

e 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
o I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN 107. C M. *Windsor.* [b]
Everlasting Absence of God *intolerable.*

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

e 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
d Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*

e 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress my ear,
a 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

p 4 What—to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!

a 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

o 7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name,
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 108 C. M. *Asaph's.* [*]

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above;
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

e 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

—3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er his burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

o 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

—5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son;
o High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

s 6 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 110. S. M. *Aylesbury. Kibworth.* [*]

Death and the Resurrection.

a 1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
a And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay.

— 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh;
o 'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

— 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust—
'Till he shall bid it rise.

o 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

— 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs;
o 'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise;
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 112. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Angels ministering to CHRIST *and Saints.*

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height,
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

e 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
o And swift as flames of fire they move,
—To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance—and of love.

o 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode;
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling the heav'nly road.

—5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,

Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Christmas. Sunday.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finish'd! said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd!* our Emmanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terrour of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

GOD *the Avenger of his Saints.*

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown;
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

e 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 118. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b*]

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
o *Revenge*—the blood of Abel cries;
e But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
—Speaks *peace*—as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels who deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

o 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before our God,
And for our pardon, pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b*]

The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 (This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.)

4 (Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.)

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;

Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120. S. M. *Aylesbury.* [b]

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe:
e Amidst the smoke of Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

— 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
o Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

— 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
e The pity of his melting heart,
o And vengeance of his hands.

— 4 (Hence we awake our fear;
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.)

5 (We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside,
Will do us little good.)

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace;
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

o 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,—
e Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
o Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
o But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

e 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
o Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

e 3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man who fails but once?
o But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
—4 My soul no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
a Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man who trusts the promise—lives.

HYMN 122. L. M. *Bethel.* [b*]
Retirement and Meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
e 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?
d 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
—I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
e 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
a In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n—and there my God I find.

HYMN 124. C. M. *York.* [b*]
Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
And sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.
2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell;
Can buy the pardon of our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
c 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath,
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.
4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand;

While Moses bow'd his head and died,
Short of the promis'd land.

o 5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest:
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

HYMN 126. C. M. *Wareham.* [*]
GOD *Glorified in the Gospel.*

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue,
d A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
—Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

o 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]
Circumcision and Baptism.

1 THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways does Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;

* Joshua *same with* Jesus, and signifies *a Saviour.*

His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

o 4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN 128. C. M. *China. Plymouth.* [b]

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore;
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Bath. Islington.* [*]

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith supplies a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The New Creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory shew:
d "Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise!

3 "I'll be a sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

e 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

—6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131. L. M. *Castle Street. Leeds.* [*]

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

o 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have bro't salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

—3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to Christ alone!

e 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!

—Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

o 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.

—6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]
The Offices of CHRIST.

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercy lays a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. L. M *Brentford.* [*]
The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

o 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

o 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

—4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
o Thy cheering words awake our joys;
o Thy words allay the stormy wind,
—And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 135. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Types and Prophecies of CHRIST.

d 1 BEHOLD, the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed,
To give him the superiour room!

—2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw,
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head:
o Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the Promis'd Seed.

HYMN 137. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*]

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of CHRIST.

e 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake, and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

—2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

e 3 He dies:—the heav'ns in mourning stood!
o He rises—and appears a God!
o Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

—4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. L. M. *Blendon. Leeds.* [*]

The Power of the Gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
o Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

—2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
o This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

—3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 (Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light:
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
e While the wide world esteems it strange,
a Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.)

—6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
o The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Sicilian. Pleyel's.* [*]

The Example of CHRIST.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

p 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

—4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here!

Then God, the judge, shall own my name,
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

The Examples of CHRIST *and the Saints.*

o 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail; and see
The saints above, how great their joys;
How bright their glories be!

p 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

—3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
o Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb—
Their triumph to his death.

—4 They mark'd the footsteps he had trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

HYMN 141. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

1 MY Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name;
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace;
While, at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As, by his Spirit and his blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. S. M. *Peckham.* [b*]

Faith in CHRIST *our Sacrifice.*

e 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

o 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

p 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

— 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,—
When hanging on the cursed tree,—
And hopes her guilt was there.

u 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
s We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 144. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Effusions of the Spirit: Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

e 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

—3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
o From east to west, from south to north;

d "Go—and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go—spread the myst'ry of his cross."

—4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are—
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by those heav'nly arms subdu'd:
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrines of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too—
A willing captive to my Lord—
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 146. L. M. *Babylon. Carthage.* [b]

Vanity of Creatures: or no Rest on Earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures; but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind;
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 148. C. M. *Canterbury. St. Ann's.* [b*]

GOD *reconciled in* CHRIST.

e 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God—
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

—2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath;
The Spirit dwells with men.

e 3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
a The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrours to my mind.

o 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

—5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast;
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 150. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring look she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

e 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;

There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his Name who died for me.

o 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind:
—Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 152. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii, 18, &c.

e 1 NOT to the terrours of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

o 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

e 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
Hear God, the Judge of all declare
There vilest sins forgiv'n.

—5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

o 6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 153. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

e 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
—The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician God.

e 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
o But Christ the Lord recals the dead,
With his almighty breath.

e 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
—'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

e 4 (We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
—Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till Jesus make us wise.)

e 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
o And rush with fury down to hell—
— But heav'n prevents the fall.

6 (The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries:
o He foams and raves, 'till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.)

HYMN 154. L. M. *Armley.* [b*]

Self-Righteousness insufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners," saith the Lord,
"Who wait and tremble at my word—
Who walk in darkness all the day?
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 (No works, no duties of your own,
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide,
Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 The softest couch that nature knows,
Can give the conscience no repose,
o Look to my righteousness, and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.)

—4 Ye sons of pride who kindle coals
With your own hands, to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the spark that ye desire.—

e 5 This is your portion at my hands,—
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
a Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, and darkness, and despair."

HYMN 155. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b]

CHRIST *our Passover.*

e 1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!

The pride, the flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

o 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

—3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
o Thus Israel is from bondage freed
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

e 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

—5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
o Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Satan's various Temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter, and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, *How easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiv'n.

4 (He bids young sinners, *Yet forbear*
To think of God or death;
For prayer and grave devotion are
But melancholy breath.

5 He tells the aged, *They must die,*
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.)

e 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

o 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M. *Reading.* [b]
The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.

o 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
Resist, and he'll be gone;
—Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.

e 3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
—But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

o 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly!
e Our parents found the snare too strong;
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Geneva. Babylon.* [b]
Few saved: or, The almost Christian.

e 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there:
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

d 2 *Deny thyself and take thy cross,*
e Is the Redeemer's great command;
—Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly Land.

p 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd—almost a saint—
And makes his own destruction sure.

—4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new:

Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. C. M. *Plymouth. Wantage.* [*]

Unconverted State: or, Converting Grace.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well:
With haste we run the dang'rous road,
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6 We raise our father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

Custom in Sin.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None, but a pow'r divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. C. M. *Reading.* [b]

Christian Virtues: or, Difficulty of going to Heaven.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd;
Passion suppress'd and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 (Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd;
Lest they destroy our souls.)

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
That vile idolatry;
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray but never faint.

c 6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard!
o Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Meditation of Heaven; or the Joy of Faith.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail;
o There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

—2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

o 3 His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
—He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings:
How short our sorrows are—
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

o 5 I would not be a stranger still,
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wantage. China.* [b]

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.

p 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found—
And knowledge of thy word!

e 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

p 4 (How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there.)

—5 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

o 6 (Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.)

HYMN 168. L. M. *Old Hundred. Psalm* 97. [*]

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns—his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

e 2 His terrours keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law;—
o His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

—3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
o His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

e 4 And will this glorious Lord descend,
To be my Father and my friend?
g Then let my songs with angels join!
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN 169. P. M. *Triumph.* [*]

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

g 2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law;
e And where his love
Resolves to bless,
o His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

— 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
o Strong is his arm—
And shall fulfil
g His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

e 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend!
o I love his name,
I love his word;
u Join all my pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN 170 L. M. *Psalm 97th Old Hundred.* [*]

GOD *incomprehensible and sovereign.*

4 GOD is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
e If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

—5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempests of the soul;
e When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

g 6 He frowns—and darkness veils the moon—
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'ns starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

—8 These are a portion of his ways,
e But who shall dare describe his Face?
e Who can endure the light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*b]

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi, 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake:
e What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

d 3 *This is my body—broke for sin—*
Receive and eat the living food:
—Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
d *'Tis the new covenant in my blood.*

6 *Do this*, he cry'd, *till time shall end,*
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

o 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name;
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 2. S. M *Dover.* [*]

Communion with CHRIST & *with Saints.* 1 Cor. x, 16.

3 'THIS holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
e We the young children of his love,
o And he the First-born Son.
— 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
o But Jesus is the head.
o 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious Name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN 3 C. M. *York.* [*]

The New Covenant Sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good"—
e He said—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
—2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.
4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
p 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
o 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his wil;
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

CHRIST'S *dying Love.*

e 1 HOW condescending, and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
e Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.
p 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
o To raise us to his throne;

--There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
e But cost his heart a groan.
--4 This was compassion like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
o 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
e Well he remembers Calvary--
Nor let his saints forget:
p 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
--And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

CHRIST *the Bread of Life.* John vi, 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word;
e 'Tis he our souls hath fed:
—Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.
o 4 Bless'd be the Lord, who gives his flesh,
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
—5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
o For Jesus never dies.
e 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
o But Christ our life shall come;
o His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN 6. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

The Memorial of our absent LORD. John xvi, 16. Luke xxii, 19. John xiv, 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
e And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thoughts.
2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,

—And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

o 3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

—4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
o Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

—5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
o 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
g And live forever near his face.

HYMN 10. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

CHRIST *Crucified, the Wisdom and Power of* GOD.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
d Shews something worthy of a God:—

o 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
p Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

o 3 (Here his whole Name appears complete;
—Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
o The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.)

e 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

o 5 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and died!
Her noblest life, my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

o 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown:
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
g And worship at his Father's throne

HYMN 12. L. M. *Sicilian* [b*]

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv, 16, &c.

5 WHAT shall we pay th' eternal Son,
Who left the heav'n of his abode—
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God!

6 It cost him death, to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

o 7 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransom'd sinners lost;
e And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Zion. Hymn 2d.* [*]

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the guests. Luke xiv, 17, 22, 23.

b 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors—
—While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

o 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
—Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
e "Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room—
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

o 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast.
That sweetly forc'd us in,
e Else *we* had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

—6 (Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
o Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

—7 We long to see thy churches full,
o That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.)

HYMN 14. L. M. *Shoel.* [*]

The song of Simeon; Luke ii. 28; *or, a sight of* CHRIST, *makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips would learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his:
"Our souls still waiting to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes—
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face—
To teach the terrors of thy Name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

o 5 He is our light—our morning Star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
o The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne."

HYMN 17. S. M. *St. Thomas's.* [*]

Incomparable Food: or, the Flesh and Blood of CHRIST.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds,
That grace Divine performs;
e Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

— 2 This soul reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
o We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

— 3 The banquet that we eat,
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

e 4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit,
In all the happy ground.

— 6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows his matchless grace;

And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

o 8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Christ:
o Thro' this wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 21. C. M. *St. Martin's.* [*]

The triumphal Feast for CHRIST'S *Victory over Sin, Death, and Hell.*

4 THE Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
b And oh! what melting words he says,
To ev'ry humble ear:—
d 5 "For you the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
e Behold my hands—behold my feet—
And look into my side!
p 6 These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.
o 10 Now you may triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood;
And live eternal ages bless'd—
For 'tis immortal food."
e 11 Victorious God! what can we pay,
For favours so divine?
—We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.
o 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
—But themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. L. M. *Quercy.* [*]

The Compassion of a dying CHRIST.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb:—
e Oh, that our feeble lips could move,
—In strains immortal as his name,
p And melting as his dying love!
e 2 Was ever equal pity found?
e The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
—To ransom guilty worms from death.

e 3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
—He from the threat'ning set us free;
o Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.
—6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
o Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. C. M. *Colchester.* [b*]

Grace and Glory by the Death of CHRIST.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
p Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
— And dooms our sins to death.
e 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed
o Whence all our pardons rise;
e The sinner views th' atonement made,
— And loves the sacrifice.
e 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
o Procure us heav'nly crowns:
—Our highest gain springs from thy loss—
Our healing from thy wounds.
4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. C. M. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]

Pardon and Strength from CHRIST.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine:
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.
4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky:
Christ will provide our souls with grace—
He bought a large supply.

HYMN 25. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Divine Glories and Graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

e 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
o Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

—3 Thy saints attend, with ev'ry grace,
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

e 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight,
o Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

o 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
e Repentance comes with aching heart—
— Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
o Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, until I have addressed a special Song of Glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the *Latin* name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in the *English* Nation from the *Roman* Church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians; yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian Worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar Glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord *Jesus Christ* has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is Praise; which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain Version, or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn.—I have also added a few *Hosannas*, or Ascriptions of Salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

A SONG OF PRAISE

To the ever Blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

HYMN 26. 1st. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To which celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

o 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
e From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood—
Pardon and life for dying souls!

—3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
o Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
o And into boundless glory flow.

g 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. 1st. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

1 GLORY to God the Father's name—
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid—
e Who dwelt in humble clay;
p And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

--3 Glory to God the Spirit give--
From whose almighty pow'r,
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

g 4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 29. 2d. L. M.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown:
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise;
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. 2d. C. M.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.
2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. 2d. S. M.

1 LET God the Maker's Name,
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour, pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore;
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN 32. 3d. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN 33. OR THUS.

ALL glory to the wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love:
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb;
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN 34. 3d. C. M.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd;
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. OR THUS.

HONOUR to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN 36. 3d. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37. OR THUS.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son:
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN 38. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;

o He sent his own Eternal Son | e To die for sins That man had done.

— 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
e Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:

o And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
o And now he reigns | Of all his pains.

— 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:

o His work completes The great design, | And fills the soul With joy divine.

g 4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honour done;
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.

e Where reason fails, With all her powers— | o There faith prevails, And love adores.

HYMN 40. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;

And while our lips Their tribute bring, | Our faith adores The name we sing.

THE HOSANNA,
or, Salvation ascribed to CHRIST.

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage!
Old men and babes in Zion sing,
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace:
Zion behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his Name.

HYMN 44 S. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Son,
Of David, and of God;
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
2 To Christ, th' Anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

HYMN 45. H. M.

1 HOSANNA to the King,
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young | And at his feet
Attend his way, | Their honours lay.
2 Glory to God on high:
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head | And ev'ry age
Shall honours rest, | Pronounce him bless'd.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

PART III.

HYMNS SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Being of God. Ps. civ.

e 1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
o See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

—2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

o 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art;
e The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

—4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
e Confess the footsteps of the God;—
a Bow down before him—and adore. STEELE.

HYMN 2. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b*]

Goodness of God. Nahum i, 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
o But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

e 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
—'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its divinest forms.

e 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
o A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

—5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

o 6 Great God, to thy almighty Love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above,
Can render equal praise. STEELE.

HYMN 3. C. M. *Mitcham. Arundel.* [*]
God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

g 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
—Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terrour and delight.

g 4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
e Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

—5 But still the wonders of thy grace
e Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love. WATTS.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]
Sovereignty and Dominion of GOD.

a 1 KEEP silence—all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

e 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men:

With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

—4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry,
Between the folded leaves.)

e 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

—8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 5. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

GOD'S *Name Proclaimed.* Ex. xxxiv, 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine,
Around thy condescending God!
To us—to us, he still proclaims,
e His awful, his endearing names;
o Attend, and sound them all abroad.

d 2 "Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
"The mighty God, by heav'n ador'd,
"Down to the earth my footsteps bend:
e "My heart the tenderest pity knows,
"Goodness, full streaming wide o'erflows
"And grace and truth shall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
"My pard'ning love is ever sure,
"When penitential sorrow mourns;
"To millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
"New hope and new delight it bears;
e "Yet wrath against the sinner burns."

o 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
e All prostrate at thy Sovereign's feet,
— And drink the tuneful accents in:
o Speak on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
Diffuse these heart expanding joys,
'Till heav'n repeat the rapt'rous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 6. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Adam: or, the Fall of Man. Gen. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow!
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him Lord below.

o 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for ev'ry sense;
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.

e 3 But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd!
His honour forfeited;
His heart from God and truth, estrang'd,
His conscience, fill'd with dread.

—4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies
Which was before his joy:
And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

5 Compell'd to answer to his name;
With stubbornness and pride,
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

o 6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave:
By faith the promis'd SEED he view'd,
And felt the power to save.

NEWTON.

HYMN 7. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Types of the Messiah. Heb. iv, 2.

1 ISRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,—
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,—
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence:
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
d "Behold, I bear your sins away."

— 5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea—
e Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

o 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
—O grant that I may faithful be,
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me! COWPER.

HYMN 8. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Birth of the Saviour.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King!
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

4 Veil'd in flesh—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;

Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
o 5 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
e 6 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
o Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Joy of Angels at the Saviour's Birth.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
e 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,
o "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
"To you and all mankind.
b 3 "To you in David's town, this day,
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
"And this shall be the sign:—
4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
e "All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling bands
"And in a manger laid."
—5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:—
s 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
g "Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,
"Begin, and never cease." PATRICK OR TATE.

HYMN 10. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Angel's Song. Luke ii. 8—14.

o 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes,
"And send your fears away;
"News from the region of the skies,—
u "Salvation's born to-day.

e 2 "Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
—"To-day he makes his entrance here,
e "But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
"Nor royal shining things,
"A manger for his cradle stands,
a "And holds the King of kings!

o 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
"And see his humble throne;
p "With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

—5 Thus Gabriel sang—and strait around,
The heav'nly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

s 6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth."

Watts' Hor. Lyr.

HYMN 11. 8, 6 & 5. *Christmas.* [*]

Christmas morn.

o 1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn:
— Each heav'nly pow'r,
o Proclaim the glad hour;
s Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

e 2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
o The promise is seal'd—
The Saviour's reveal'd—
And proves that the record is true.

s 3 Let joy around like rivers flow;
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Emmanuel's birth—
For heaven and earth are at peace.

e 4 Now the good will of God is shewn
Towards Adam's helpless race;
o Messiah is come—
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.

o 5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning seraphs sing;
s Join all the glad pow'rs—
For their Lord is ours—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
MADEN's Col.

HYMN 12. C. P. M. *Pilgrim* [b]

Infancy of the Saviour.

p 1 O SIGHT of anguish! view it near,—
What weeping Innocence is here—
A manger for his bed!
—The brutes yield refuge to his wo—
e Men, worse than brutes, no pity show,
Nor give him friendly aid!
o 2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
Why do not tempests rock the pole?
e O miracle of grace!
o Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honour of their king,
e To punish all the race!
e 3 Though now an INFANT bath'd in tears,
o He call'd to form the rolling spheres;
g And seraphs own'd his nod!
e Helpless he calls, but men delay:—
e Ungrateful sinners disobey
The first-born Son of God!
—4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
o Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight?—
e Or glory sink so low?
—This wonder angels scarce declare;
Angels the rapture scarce can hear,
Or equal praise bestow.
e 5 Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme;
Thou boundless Mind, our hearts inflame,—
With ardour from above:
d Words are but faint, let joy express—
Vain is mere joy—let actions bless—
This prodigy of love.

HYNM 13. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Christ's Ministry. Luke iv, 18, 19.

d 1 HARK!—the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
—Let every heart prepare a throne—
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largly pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes—the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield!

4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes—the broken heart to bind—
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Christ's Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. STEELE.

HYMN 15. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

Christ's Transfiguration. Matt. xvii, 4.

1 WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell;
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

d 3 Away, ye charms of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ!
o I see the King of glory shine;—
e I feel his love, and call him mine.

—4 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

—5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
o That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

d 6 That mount—how bright! those forms—how fair.
o 'Tis good to dwell forever there:
—Come, death, dear envoy of our God,
And bear me to that blest abode. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 16. L. M. *Dresden.* [*]

Christ weeping over Jerusalem. Luke xix, 41, 42.

p 1 WHAT venerable sight appears!—
The Son of God—dissolv'd in tears!—
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.

e 2 For whom, bless'd Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?—
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine?

—3 Nor brother, there, nor friend I see—
d But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who like rapacious tigers stood,
Impatient, panting for thy blood.

p 4 Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies?

And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

e 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
e Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

—6 Give us to shine before thy face,
Eternal trophies of thy grace;
o Where songs of praise thy saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's joy. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 17. 7s. *St John's.* [b]

Gethsemane: or, Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi, 36—45.

1 MANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inur'd!
e But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,—
a Gloomy—sad—Gethsemane!

e 2 Came at length the dreadful night!
d Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
p See, my soul, the Saviour see—
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

e 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
—This, through grace, can be believ'd!
e But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
None can penetrate through thee—
a Doleful—dark—Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God—
e All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause:—
e Sins as boundless as the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

—5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
Not a work that I can plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

o 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Prais'd by all the heav'nly host,
In thy shining courts above—
We poor sinners, gracious Three;
Praise thee for Gethsemane. HART

HYMN 18. C. M. *China.* [b]

The Saviour's Death.

e 1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze!
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays?

—2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize:
The sun as darkest night be black—
a Their Maker JESUS—dies.

p 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree—
His all atoning blood!
d Is this the INFINITE?—'tis he—
My Saviour and my God.

p 4 For me—these pangs his soul assail,
For me—this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

—5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
d Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
e O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Carthage. Munich.* [b*]

It is finished. John xix, 30.

1 'TIS finish'd:—so the Saviour cried;
And meekly bow'd his head, and died!
'Tis finish'd:—yes, the race is run,—
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heav'n decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd:—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd:—this my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;
o Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
—By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd:—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
o Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

-6 'Tis finish'd:—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
s 'Tis finish'd:—let the echo fly,
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky.

DR. STENNET.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dresden* [b*]

CHRIST'S *Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

p 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
a A solemn darkness veils the skies!
d A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

e 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
p He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
a The Lord of glory dies for men!
o But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
d Jesus the dead—revives again!

o 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
g Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

u 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
o Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
d And led the tyrant death—in chains.

s 6 Say, "Live forever glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
d Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy vict'ry boasting grave?"

HYMN 21. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii, 6.

d 1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
o Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

e 2 Love's redeeming work is done!
Th' battle's fought, the vict'ry won!
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sits in blood no more.

—3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

o 4 Lives again our glorious king,
d "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
e Once he died our souls to save,
d "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

—5 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;—
o Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live. CUDWORTH.

HYMN 22. 7s. *Epiphany.* [*]

Christ's Ascension.

s 1 HAIL, the day that saw him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
e Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
o Reascends his native heaven:
—There the pompous triumph waits;
e Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of glory in!"

—2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.

e 3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
—High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

o 4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home.

o There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.* Acts ii, 32—36.

1 COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdu'd your potent foes;
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high,
Return'd; while hymning angels round,
Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace,
Fill ev'ry heart, and every tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face,
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

STEELE.

HYMN 24. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Resurrection and Ascension.* Matt. xxviii, 2.

d 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
s See, the Saviour quits the tomb—
Glowing with immortal bloom.

u 2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
—Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

o 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqueror mount the skies;
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

g 4 Heav'n unfolds her portals wide—
Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

s 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

—6 Let Emmanuel be ador'd—
d Ransom, Mediator, Lord;
o To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound. GIBBONS.

HYMN 25. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Praise to the REDEEMER.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
e May an infant lisp thy name?
—Lord of man, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
o Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.

—2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
o Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just, exalted praise. Hal.

g 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought. Hal.

4 For thy providence that governs,
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
e Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
o Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
e 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightness all along!
e Thought is poor, and poor expression,
a Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.
—6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
e Shall thy praise, unutter'd lie?
d Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
o Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
e 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
—Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.
8 From the highest throne in glory,
a To the cross of deepest wo—
All to ransom guilty captives!
s Flow my praise, for ever flow. Hal.
o 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
g Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c. ROBINSON.

HYMN 26. C. M. *Marlborough.* [*]

Coronation of Christ. Cant. iii, 11.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
o And crown him—Lord of all.

—4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
p And crown him—Lord of all.

—5 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
o And crown him—Lord of all.
e 6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall;
—Go spread your trophies at his feet,
o And crown him—Lord of all.
7 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
g To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all. DUMAN.

HYMN 27. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]

Jesus is King. Rev. xiv, 3.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice—
Each creature sing;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strains prolong,
In accents, sweet and strong,—
o "Jesus is King."
—2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame—
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heav'ns rebound—
"The vict'ry's won."
—3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
e Mourners rejoice!
His dying love adore:
o Praise him now rais'd in power,
And triumph ever more,
With a glad voice.
o 4 All hail the glorious day,
When thro' the heav'nly way,
g Lo, he shall come!
e While they who pierc'd him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
o Saints, see your King prevail;
d Come, dear Lord, come! KINGSBURY.

HYMN 28. H. M. *Triumph.* [*]

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv, 4.

s 1 REJOICE—the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

—3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules air, earth, and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

—5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

o 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come—
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
g We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound—rejoice! RIPPON.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Glories of God in Redemption. Isai. xliv, 23.

g 1 FATHER—how wide thy glory shines!
o How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

d 2 But when we view thy strange design,
p To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;—

g 3 Here the whole Deity is known;
c Nor dares a creature guess—
e Which of the glories brightest shone—
d The justice or the grace.
b 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
o 5 O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
s Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 30. 6 & 4. C. M. *Bermondsey.* [*]

Worthy the Lamb. Rev. v, 12.

o 1 GLORY to God on high:
Let heaven and earth reply—
o Praise ye his Name!
— His love and grace adore,
e Who all our sorrows bore;
— And sing for evermore—
o Worthy the Lamb.

— 2 All they around the throne
o Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his Name;
We, who have felt his blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
o Worthy the Lamb.

— 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
o Praise ye his name:
o In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
o Shouting with heart and voice—
u Worthy tho Lamb.

e 4 What tho' we change our place—
— Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
o To him our songs we bring—
s Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb. HILL'S COLL.

HYMN 31. L. M. *Munich. Moreton.* [*]

Christ's Intercession. Heb. vii, 25.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives;
o What joy the blest assurance gives;
—And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

e 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
—But in the Saviour's lovely face,
o Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!

—3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
Above our fears, above our faults,
o His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terrour dies.

e 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
—Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
o Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

HYMN 32. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [*]

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us,
From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

g 4 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory:
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

c 5 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in heaven we appear.

o 6 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
o Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 33. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Redeeming Love.

o 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
—Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
o As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

e 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
o See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

e 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
—Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

o 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
Welcome to his sacred rest:
d Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing—but redeeming love.

o 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

o 7 Hither, then, your music bring,
u Strike aloud each joyful string;
—Mortals, join the hosts above—
g Join to praise redeeming love. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN. 34. C. M. *Windsor. Plymouth.* [*]

The Necessity of Renewing Grace.

e 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
e The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

p 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

e 3 Can ought, beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
o 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

—4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of errour fall,
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.

p 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
o Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Amighty Lord, be thine!

HYMN 35. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

Prayer for the Spirit. John xiv, 26.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

o 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
o Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee. HART.

HYMN 36. L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

Sorrow for Sin.

p 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit!
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

e 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art—
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

—3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove—
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood—
The labour of thy dying love.

d 5 I would—but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

o 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMN 37. C. M. *Canterbury. Wantage.* [b]

Repentance.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet Sov'reign mercy calls—"Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!

My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love.

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore,
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love—so free—so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Armley.* [b]

Sinner submitting to God.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God, who creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

e 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

—4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

o 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Sinner resolving to go to Christ. Esth. iv, 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd
And make this last resolve:—

o 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.

e 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
p "I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sovereign grace.

o 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
—"Perhaps he may command my touch—
"And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my prayer;
e "But if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.

—6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolv'd to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die." JONES.

HYMN 40. 7 & 6. *Clark's.* [b*]

The Heart healed by Mercy.

1 SIN enslav'd me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.

o Where, (I said in deep distress,)
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?

—2 Friends and ministers said much,
The gospel to enforce;
e But my blindness still was such,
I chose a legal course:
Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove,
Scarce would shew my face abroad;
e Fear'd, almost, to speak or move—
A stranger still to God.

—3 Thus afraid to trust his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
e Till despairing of my case,
Down at his feet I fell:

o Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdu'd me to his sway ;
By a simple word he spoke—
d "Thy sins are done away." COWPER.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

The happy Change.

e 1 IN sin, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range ;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd—but love of change.

—2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are then renew'd, no more to rove.

o 3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will ;
—This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

o 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss and proper end ;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Portugal.* [b *]

The Influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv, 16, 17.

e 1 DEAR Lord—and shall thy Spirit rest,
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
d Unworthy dwelling !—glorious Guest !
Favours astonishing—divine.

e 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night ;
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here
—Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?

o 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh ;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

—4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice.

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r Divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6 And when my cheerful hope can say,
d "I love my God, and taste his grace,"
e Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

—7 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
o And light, and heav'nly peace impart—
Sweet earnests of the joys above. STEELE.

HYMN 43. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

Power of Faith. Rom. i, 17.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
o His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.

o 2 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes,
Against him in malice unite—
Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

—3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy, or name—
d The work of God's Spirit it is.

o 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair,
e And what is still stranger to tell,
d It overcomes heav'n by prayer.

o 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
e It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole—

—6 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white:
o And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light. HART.

HYMN 44. S. M. *Peckham.* [*]

Preciousness of Faith. Eph. ii, 8. 2 Pet. i, 1.

1 FAITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me. BEDOME.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Faith encouraged by Ancient Example. Heb. xi, 13.

o 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

—2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

o 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

—4 Lord, may I ever keep in view,
The patterns thou hast giv'n—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heav'n. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

The new Convert.

1 THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath EMMANUEL's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 Nor fears he feels—he sees no foes—
No conflict yet his faith employs;

Nor has he learn'd to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

e 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting;
And, comforts sinking day by day,
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

—4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less;
And said, "Lest Israel vainly boast,
d "My arm secur'd me this success."

e 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low;
—That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe. COWPER.

HYMN 47. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Comforts, True and False.

1 O GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.

e 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

—3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem'd to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

e 4 Lull'd in a soft and fatal sleep,
They sin, and yet rejoice;
e Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

—5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r;
e That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

—6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly. COWPER.

HYMN 48. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Zeal, True and False.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
e While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

e 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
d The false is headstrong, fierce and wild;
And breathes revenge and war.

—3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it ought beside.

d 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
"Come, see what I can do."

—6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

Not go away from Christ. John vi, 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
e (Alas, what numbers do!)
—Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
d "Wilt thou forsake me too?"

e 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

—3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
e To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
—4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of God;
o Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.
—5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
o No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
e 6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,
a 'If I will also go?'
—Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
d I humbly answer—NO! NEWTON.

HYMN 50. L. M. *Carthage.* [b *]

Not ashamed of Jesus. Mark viii, 38.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Scorn'd be the tho't, by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more and more.
2 Asham'd of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3 Asham'd of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
In whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
p 4 Asham'd of Jesus!—yes I may—
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
—5 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me! GRIGG.

HYMN 51. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Inconstancy in Religion. Hosea vi, 4.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,
We hail thy sacred Name:

Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
o Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.

e 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.

p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

o 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
o And with increasing transports press,
On to thy courts above.

—6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
o Brightens each moment in his race,
o And shines to perfect day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

O that I were as in months past. Job xxix, 2.

b 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

o 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

—3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.)

o 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

e 5 But now—when ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes—
But will not reach my case.

—7 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail—
O make my soul thy care;
o I know thy mercy cannot fail,
— Let me that mercy share. NEWTON

HYMN 53. 8s. *Bethany.* [b]

Faith fainting.

e 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign;
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
p Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All-plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

—2 Shine, Lord, and my terrour shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
o Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
—Attend to my sorrows and cries,
e My groanings that cannot be told.

—3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep;
o The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
—While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
d "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more."

e 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love has design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?

o Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r:
o Come succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 54. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Self Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
e Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse;
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove—
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

e 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
d You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you.

o 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all!

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

—8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day. NEWTON.

HYMN 55. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

The Holy Spirit addressed under darkness.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
e My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest;
—Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner overwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolv'd by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
O Spirit of pity and grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee, no more:

e 4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love—
e If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above;—
o Come, heav'nly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
o And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine. RIPPON.

HYMN 56. L. M. *Sicilian.* [* b]

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;

But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

e 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

a 5 Yea, more—with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

e 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
d "'Tis in this way (the Lord reply'd,)
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride, to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me." NEWTON.

HYMN 57. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Inconstancy lamented.

1 DEAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

e 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.

—3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
o The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love? DORRINGTON.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Bath.* [b *]

Conflict between Sin and Holiness. Gal. v, 17.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!

Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

e 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die—
o Now raise my songs of triumph high;
o Sing a rebellious passion slain,
e Or mourn to feel it live again.

o 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies:
When faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

e 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
—I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

e 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or interrupt its rays at noon!

—6 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me to triumph in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDON.

HYMN 59. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Watchfulness and Prayer.

e 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
—To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

p 2 How oft my mournful tho'ts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
e My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
e How strong my foes and fears!

—3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
e Though trembling and afraid.

—4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
e Or soon my strength will fail.

—5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
o My God, thy powerful aid impart—
My guardian and my guide.

—6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
o And bid the tempter flee;
—And never let me go astray,
From happiness and thee. STEELE.

HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

Hope encouraged. Ps. xlii, 5.

e 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
o Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

—2 What though Satan's strong temptations,
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
o Thou shalt conquer—
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

—3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
o Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

—4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
o His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

—5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
o Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
o Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join? FAWCETT

HYMN 61. C. M. *Bedford.* [*]

Lively Hope and gracious Fear.

e 1 I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

—2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

o 3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand;
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.

o 4 The Lord of all the vast domain,
Has promis'd it to me:
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

—5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
e I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall!

—6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
e Then let me tremble at his word,
• And none shall cast me down. COWPER.

HYMN 62. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [*]

Assurance. Jer. xxxi, 3.

1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me,—
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast:
o Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
e Mercy is all that's written there.

2 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
e Tho' strength, and health, and friends, be gone:
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
g Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father thy mercy never dies.

—3 Fix'd on this rock will I remain,
e When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;
g A rock which shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away!
s Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love! LYNDALL.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

Christ, the Believer's Ark. 1 Pet. iii, 20, 21.

1 THE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

e 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry—
Of millions in the last despair—
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky.

e 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.

o 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

—6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
o Then the wide flood that buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

e 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endless life to all their souls. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 64. 8 & 7. *Emmaus.* [*]

Christ, a Friend closer than a Brother. Prov. xviii, 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:

They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

e 2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could, or would have shed their blood?
o But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconcil'd in him to God:
o This is boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

e 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
—Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

e 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
o But when home our souls are bro't,
We will love thee as we ought. NEWTON.

HYMN 65. C. M. *St Ann's. Mear.* [b]

Manna, or Daily Supply. Exod. xvi, 18.

1 MANNA to Israel well supply'd
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people will be fed.

2 Of his kind care, how sweet a proof!
It suited every taste:
Who gather'd most had just enough,
Enough who gather'd least.

o 3 'Tis still our gracious Lord provides,
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our shares.

e 4 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
o The strongest have no strength to spare,
For such he'll strongly try.

—5 Daily they saw the manna come,
And cover all the ground;
But what they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted soon was found.

e 6 Vain their attempts to store it up;
This was to tempt the Lord:
o Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard. NEWTON.

HYMN 66. C. M. *York.* [*]

Joys of Saints. Neh. ix, 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil;
e All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

—2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;—
o There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,
Are found—and there alone.

e 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
— A sense of pard'ning love,—
o A hope that triumphs over death,
o Gives joys like those above.

—4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine—
o Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

—5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
o Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind. NEWTON.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Walking with God. Gen. v, 24.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

e 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

—3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
e But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

—4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
o And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb. COWPER.

HYMN 68. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Light Shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

o 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

—4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
e Behind a frowning providence,
o He hides a smiling face.

—5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

e 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
o God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. COWPER.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [b]

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!

It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.
2 What are the mines of shining wealth?
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?—
What are all joys, compared with those,
Thine everlasting word bestows?
e 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path, secure I stray'd:
—Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
o And straight I turn'd unto my God.
e 4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart—
o I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart;
e It taught my tears a while to flow,
o But sav'd me from eternal wo.
e 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precepts I had still despis'd;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
o 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest. COWPER.

HYMN 70. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign,
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
e 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?
—3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
o 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
e Shall I resist them both?
e A poor blind creature of a day?
And crush'd before the moth!

—6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.

HYMN 71. C. M. *Bedford.* [*b]

Resignation. It is the Lord. 1 Sam. iii, 18.

1 IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right,
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who governs all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

e 3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
—Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
o From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

—5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise—
o Matter, eternity to fill
With ever growing praise.

—6 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,
o Thrice blessed be his Name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.

o 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire;
g And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flaming fire. GREEN.

HYMN 72. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [*]

Self-denial: or, Bearing the Cross. Mark viii, 38.

e 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

—2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

o 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

o 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine. KIRHAM.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Reading.* [*]

Contentment. Phil. iv, 11.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we trust in thee.

2 In vain by reason, and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear;
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 "Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain?
"How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
"With everlasting pain!

5 "If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cur'd,
"Compare thy griefs with mine;
"Think what my love for thee endur'd—
"And thou wilt not repine.

6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
"And I do all things well;
"Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
"And rise with me to dwell.

7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
"Proportion'd to thy day;
"At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
"To wipe thy tears away."

3 Thus I, who once my wretched days,
In vain repining spent;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content. COWPER.

HYMN 74. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

The Lord will Provide. Gen. xxii, 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abrah'm found: he rais'd the knife,
d God saw, and said, 'Forbear;—
'Yon ram shall yield his meaner life:
'Behold the victim there.'

—3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
d But hark! the foe's at hand:
—Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
o But God prepar'd a fish, to save,
And bear him to the shore.

—5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep felt care of mine,
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd;
But cannot come too late. COWPER.

HYMN 75. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

The Lord my Banner. Exod. xvii, 15.

e 1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
—No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

o 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright:

—Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

e 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,—
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known;
And all the host was overthrown.

o 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word—
God helping me to say,
e 'My trust is in the Lord,'—
o My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

e 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride—
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!
o Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servant to the end. COWPER.

HYMN 76. C. M. *York.* [*]

The Lord that healeth. Exod. xv.

1 HEAL us, EMMANUEL;—here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep wounded souls to thee repair;
e And, Saviour, we are such.

—2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
e But wilt thou pity us the less?—
d Be that far from thee, Lord!

—3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling for relief;
d "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"O help my unbelief."

—4 She too who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtues stole,
d Was answer'd "Daughter, go in peace;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

—5 Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had some misgivings too.

6 Like her with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
e Oh! send us not despairing home—
Send none unheal'd away. COWPER.

HYMN 77. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

The Lord send Peace. Judg. vi, 24.

e 1 JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd
To satisfy the law's demand—
o By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face we stand.

—2 To reconcile offending man,
Make justice drop her angry rod!
e What creature would have form'd the plan?
Or who fulfil it, but—a God?

—3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.

e 4 Peace, by such means, so dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to see?
p Peace—by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought—
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree!

—5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare;
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;
They hate the soul who hates his sins.

e 6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
o But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace. COWPER.

HYMN 78. C. M. *Hymn 2d. Sunday.* [*]

Thankfulness for Providential Goodness.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
9 Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

—2 Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay;
Or hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

c 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
o Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
e And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
o Reviv'd my soul with grace.

o 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
e Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

—7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
ō And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

o 8 Through all eternity—to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
e For O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise. ADDISON.

HYMN 79. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

o 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

o 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his Name their trust.

—4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

e 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
o Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care. TATE.

HYMN 30. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [*]

Grateful Recollection. 1 Sam. vii, 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
o Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
o Praise the mount.—I'm fix'd upon it—
u Mount of God's unchanging love.

—2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
e Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
o He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

e 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
—Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
e Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
d Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

HYMN 31. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Excellencies of Christ.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
o His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:—
e No! this is a myst'ry unknown.

g 2 In him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
e Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs:
p Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free;
—His glory sustained no loss,
g Eternal his kingdom shall be.

—3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,
Seem'd then, with each other to vie;
e When sinners he stoop'd to restore,
p Poor sinners condemned to die!
d He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor sinners he lov'd, till he died,
To wash their pollution away.

—4 O sinner, believe and adore,
The Saviour so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him:
d Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sins,
Draw near, while with terrour you're toss'd;
Believe—and your peace shall begin.

—5 Now, sinner, attend to his call,
d "Whoso hath an ear let him hear!"
—He promises mercy to all,
Who feel their sad wants, far and near;
o He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
o Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more—
u Here's glory eternal at last. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

All good in CHRIST.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend;—
e And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

—3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
o Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

—4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
e While thou art near, in vain they call:
o One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

—5 Thy Name, my inmost pow'rs adore;
o Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
d Depart from thee;—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

e 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
—Still let me live beneath thine eye,
o For life, eternal life is thine. STEELE.

HYMN 83. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Temptation: or, Safety in the Storm.

d 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
e My fears are great, my strength is small.

—2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform;
And guide and guard me through the storm!
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
d Control the waves—say, "Peace—be still!"

—3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

e 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

—5 Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
o Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again. COWPER.

HYMN 84. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

Christ, the Refuge from the Storm. Deut. xxxiii, 27.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace. COWPER.

HYMN 85. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Jesus, the Pilot. Luke viii, 22.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine!

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;

Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

o 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

e 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms and winds subside;
Lord to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

o 6 Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place:
s Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin, behind.

HUNTINGDON.

HYMN 86. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

My Redeemer liveth. Job xix, 25.

1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;"
What comforts, this sweet sentence gives,
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living head!

2 He lives—triumphant from the grave,
He lives—eternally to save;
He lives—all glorious in the sky,
He lives—exalted there on high.

3 He lives—to bless me with his love,
He lives—to plead for me above;
He lives—my hungry soul to feed,
He lives—to help in time of need.

4 He lives—to grant me rich supply,
He lives—to guide me with his eye;
He lives—to comfort me when faint,
He lives—to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives—to silence all my fears,
He lives—to stoop and wipe my tears;

He lives—to calm my troubled heart,
He lives—all blessings to impart.

6 He lives—my kind, wise, heav'nly Friend,
He lives—and loves me to the end;
He lives—and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives—my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives—and grants me daily breath,
He lives—and I shall conquer death!
He lives—my mansion to prepare,
He lives—to bring me safely there.

o 8 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same:
e O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
o "I know that my Redeemer lives!" MEDLEY.

HYMN 87. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]

Life and Strength in Christ.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

e 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
—Love me, save me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace,
o Take the everlasting praise. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Jehovah-Jesus.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
d *Thee*, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

—2 Without beginning, or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
g Eternal ages saw Him shine—
He shines eternal ages hence.

e 3 As much when in the manger laid,
o Almighty ruler of the sky;
—As when the six day's work he made
o Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
—4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns EMMANUEL for his name.
o 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.
e 6 As man, he pities my complaint;
o His pow'r and truth are all divine;
—He will not fail, he cannot faint,
g Salvation's Sun, and must be mine. COWPER.

HYMN 89. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Assurance in Christ our Righteousness, Isa. xiv, 24: Jer. xxiii, 6.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
o 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
e 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
—E'en then shall this be all my plea—
d "Jesus hath liv'd—and dy'd for me!"
—3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through thee absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
o Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim—
e Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
—5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
o 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
o Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
—Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
g "JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." WESLEY.

HYMN 90. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Holy Fortitude: or, the Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb!
e And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

—2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease?
e Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

—3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
e Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

o 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
e Increase my courage Lord;
o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
o They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies—
g The glory shall be thine. WATTS.

HYMN 91. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii, 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

e 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

o Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises—
I will ever give to thee. ROBINSON.

HYMN 92. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]
The Christian's Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

e 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

e 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
—His bounty shall my pains beguile;
o The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

o 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrours overspread,
o My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade. ADDISON.

HYMN 93. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]
Ministry of Angels. Ps. xci, 11.

1 SEE, Gabriel swift descends to earth,
Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth;
Hark!—a full choir of angels sing,
The new-born Saviour, and the King.

e 2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus, in his humble state;
p The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

o 3 They saw the Conqueror mount on high,
To glorious worlds beyond the sky;

Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right hand.

—4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living Friend,
May these thy servants me attend,
Thro' life; and when I quit this clay,
o Safe to thine arms my soul convey. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 94. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Servants of God always safe.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
o Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

—2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

e 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne;
High on the broken wave,
o They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

—4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

e 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
o We'll praise thee for thy mercies past;
e And humbly hope for more.

—6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
o Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON.

HYMN 95. C. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Confidence and joy in God. Hab. iii, 17, 18.

e 1 ALTHO' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil;

The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field delude the tiller's toil ;—

2 Altho' the stall no herd afford,
p And perish all the bleating race ;
o Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
s The God of my salvation praise.

e 3 Tho' comfortless my soul remain,
And not a gleam of light appear ;
a Tho' joy be sought, and sought in vain,
And tho' despair itself be near ;—

p 4 Altho' assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see ;
o Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
g And glory that he died for me. WESLEY.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Christ the Believer's Song.

e 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
—No musick's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

e 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
o And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck.

—3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
o We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

—4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favour'd throng ;
s Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 97. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Adieu to the vain World.

d 1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat ;
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms :
—Now I see as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

e 2 Vain, thy entertaining sights:
False, thy promises renew'd;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.
—3 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find,
Solid and substantial joys:—
b Joys that never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.
e 4 Lord, how happy is a heart,
After thee while it aspires!
—True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires:
g It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 98. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]

The Pilgrim's Song.

o 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place:
p Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
s Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.
—2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
e So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
l 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
o Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
e Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
o All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 99. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]

View of Heaven. Rev. xxii, 1—5.

1 ON wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasure in those mansions dwell:
There my Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that bless'd country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his transient beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

STRAPHAN.

HYMN 100. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Privileges of Adoption. 1 John iii, 1, 2.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:

With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are justifi'd by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefil'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity. HUMPHREYS.

HYMN 101. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
—To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight,—
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Mesech as yet I reside—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.

e O when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day!

4 My glorious Redeemer, I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphant crowd.
e O when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above—
To gaze on thee—world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

—5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
o Perfection of glory reigns there.
—This soul and this body shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

d 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
o The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
g My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine. FRANCIS.

HYMN 102. 5 & 6. *Newcastle.* [*]

Praise for Salvation.

1 OUR Saviour alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore saves us,
By shedding his blood:
o All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God!

— 2 We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of pity and grace·

—Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell;
e And say, our dear Saviour
Redeem'd us from hell.
— 3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation;
o Till each of us see,
With joy, the bless'd vision,
Completed in thee!

HYMN 103. S. M. *Nativity.* [*]

Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv, 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
o Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
e 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
—Sing how he intercedes above,
e For those whose sins he bore.
— 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspires our song.
o 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
u Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
e 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
d "Ye blessed children come;"
—Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.
o 6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
g And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. HAMMOND.

HYMN 104. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

The Christian's song.

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;

g Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.

—2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
o Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!

e 3 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
—Our humble hallelujahs hear;
o Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

—4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely great:
e Look with pity from thy throne,
Send the Holy Spirit down.

—5 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

e 6 Then with angels we'll again
u Wake a louder, louder strain;
s There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

—7 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join sweet harmony;
g That thro' heav'n's all spacious round,
Praise to God, may ever sound.

Lord thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!

HYMN 105. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

Dignity, and Happiness of the Christian.

1 HONOUR and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears;
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears;
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;

His robe is of th' etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains,
The expenses of his heav'nly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies! COWPER.

HYMN 106. 5 & 6. *Wesley.* [*]

God's Servants should praise and extol him.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

g 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

o 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

e 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right;

o All glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
g All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 107. 6 & 4. *Trinity.* [*]

Invocation to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
e Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

o 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
g Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made:
Our souls on thee be stay'd,
c Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou, incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
o Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
e Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

—4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
o Thou, who almighty art;
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

g 5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore! MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 108. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

The Sinner weighed and found wanting. Dan. v, 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw,
e Would'st thou the awful test sustain?—
d Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

—3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
d "*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

e 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horrour shake thy tott'ring knees;
p Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

—5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;
o Still does the gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.

—6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save,
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 109. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Sinner, prepare to meet God.

e 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

d 2 See, his mighty arm is brac'd,
Awful terrours clothe his brow!
e For his judgment stand prepar'd—
Thou must either break or bow.

g 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
p What will then become of thee!

e 4 Who his advent may abide?
—You who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys. NEWTON.

HYMN 110. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Sinners entreated to forsake their ways. Isa. lv, 7.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
e His mercy speaks to-day;
—He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

e 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal wo!

o 4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

—5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

o 6 His love exceeds your highest tho'ts;
He pardons like a God:
o He will forgive your numerous faults
Thro' a Redeemer's blood. FAWCETT.

HYMN 111. 8, 7 & 4. *Littleton.* [b]

Sinners entreated to hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?

e Every sentence—O how tender!
—Every line is full of love;
a Listen to it—
o Every line is full of love.
—2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
o To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
e How important!
d Free forgiveness in his name!
—3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
e Tender heralds—
o Chase away the falling tears.
—4 False professors, grovelling worldings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you;
Take the warnings they afford;
e We entreat you,
d Take the warnings they afford.
e 5 Who hath our report believed?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord.
p Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
—6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
o Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
s Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey. ALLEN.

HYMN 112. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b *]

Burdened Sinners invited to Christ. Matt. ix, 23.

1 COME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.
2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood:
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss. DECOURCY.

HYMN 113. 8s & 7s. *Calvary.* [b]

Suppliant Address to the Saviour. Mark x, 43.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
p See, I languish, faint, and die.

e 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!

e 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

—8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

e 9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
d "Here's the soul that perish'd, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

o 10 *Sav'd*—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above;
s Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love. TURNER.

HYMN 114. L. M. *Geneva.* [b *]

Vision of the Dry Bones. Ezek. xxxiv, 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd millions round.

e 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live,
And can these perish'd bones revive?
—That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain—

e In vain they call, in vain they cry,
—Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

o 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

o 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Converting Grace. Ps. xlv, 3—5.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine,
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

e 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
o Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

g 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

—4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace—

e 5 O may my humble soul be found,
Among that favour'd band;
o And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land. WALLIN.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Revival of Religion hoped for.

e 1 WHILE I to grief my soul give way,
To see the work of God decline,
—Methought I heard the Saviour say,
g Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

—2 "Tho' for a time I hide my face,
"Rely upon my love and power,
"Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
"And wait for a reviving hour.

o 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
"I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer,
e "The winter season has been sharp,
o "But spring shall all its wastes repair."
—4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive;
o Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing,
o Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 117. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b *]

God's regard to the actively Pious. Mal. iii, 16, 17.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
From his celestial throne;
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

e 2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn
The scandals of the times;
And join their efforts to oppose,
The wide prevailing crimes.

—3 Low in the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

o 4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

d 5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world shall know
"These humble souls are mine:
"These, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full lustre shine.

8 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away shall bear;
"That hand which strikes the wicked thro',
"Shall all my children spare." DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 118. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Prayer for spiritual Healing.

1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to state my whole complaint;
But where shall I begin?

Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint,
This worse distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 (A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.)

6 Lord, I am sick; regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

HYMN 119. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [b*]

Efficacy of God's Word. Jer. xxiii, 29.

e 1 WITH rev'rend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word;
o The pride of Lebanon it breaks:
o Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
g And earth to its deep centre shakes.

—2 Array'd in majesty divine;
Here sanctity and justice shine,
e And horrour strikes the rebel thro';
g While loud this awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
a And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

o 3 So spread the honours of thy name;
g The terrours of a God proclaim;
—Thick let the pointed arrows fly;
e Till sinners humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
—And bless the hand by which they die.

o 4 Then clear the dark tempestuous day,
And radiant beams of love display,
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise;
e So shall the bleeding captives feel,

Thy word, that gave the wound, can heal,
o And change their notes to songs of praise.
DODDRIDGE

HYMN 120. C. M. *Abridge. Barby.* [*]

Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to light;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
g Majestic like the sun;
—It gives a light to every age,
d It gives—but borrows none.

—3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
o His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.

o 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heav'nly day.

—5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
g Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. COWPER.

HYMN 121. 7s. *St. John's.* [*]

Sabbath Morning.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
o Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest:

—2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
s Shew thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

—3 Here we come thy Name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
o Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. NEWTON.

HYMN 122. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
e Lord make these moments blest.
—From the low train of mortal toys,
o I soar to reach immortal joys.

—2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

o 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
o Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain. HAYWARD.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The Lord's Day.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ in endless rest.

e 2 Lord, may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;

—And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.

o 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
g By God the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

o 4 He rises, who our souls hath bought,
e With grief and pain extreme:
g 'Twas great—to speak the world from nought—
'Twas greater—to redeem. DECOURCY'S COL.

HYMN 124. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [* b]

Devotion.

e 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
—And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

s 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
o Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

—3 In each event of life, how clear
e Thy ruling hand I see!
e Each blessing to my soul most dear,
— Because conferr'd by thee.

o 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
e In every pain I bear,
o My heart shall find delight in praise,
e Or seek relief in prayer.

o 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
e Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

—6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
o My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee. WILLIAMS

HYMN 125. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [* b]

Social Worship.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!

Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell;
e Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
e And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

—5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
e And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

o 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. NEWTON.

HYMN 126. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
e O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
—Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
o Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

—3 In thine own appointed way,
a Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go;
Till a blessing thou bestow.

—4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

e 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

.—6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee. RIPPON.

HYMN 127. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [*]

Love Divine.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
All thy faithful mercies crown.
e Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love, thou art!
› Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

ɪ 2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
e Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.
—Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
o End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

—3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return—and never—
e Never more thy temples leave!
—Then we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
o Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

—4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee:
g Chang'd from glory unto glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
e Till we cast our crowns before thee,
ɪ Lost in wonder, love, and praise! MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 128. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Seed in different Grounds. Matt. xiii, 3.

1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground:
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.

o 5 But were the Lord of grace and power,
Has bless'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
The deep wrought furrows yield!

e 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
—Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place. COWPER.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. HART.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down,
On ev'ry soul assembled here. NEWTON.

HYMN 131. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprison'd grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save ;—

2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built ;—

3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,
T' accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil !

4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray ;
g With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heav'n's eternal day. GIBBONS.

HYMN 132. H. M. *Allerton.* [* b]

Jubilee.

o 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
o The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

— 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
e The sin-atoning Lamb ;
— Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim :
o The year, &c.

e 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
— Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
o The year, &c.

— 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
o The year, &c.

— 5 The gospel trumpet hear
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
o The year, &c.

— 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
s The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home! TOPLADY.

HYMN 133. C. M. *Zion. Hymn 2d.* [* b]

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
By all below the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfil;
Let all thy glory see;
And, as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 Our wants with every morning grow,
With food these wants supply;
And on our souls the BREAD bestow
To eat—and never die!

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy shew,
We mercy beg of heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path,
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine's the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 134. L. M. *Armley.* [b *]

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

e 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain;
And fill a fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me." COWPER.

HYMN 135. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]

Power of Prayer.

1 IN themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on every hand?

2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God, who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek his face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain;

He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates. NEWTON.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Public Fast. Joel i, 14.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

e 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'rs display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

p 3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For errour, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

—4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then, shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

o 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
o Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near. STEELE.

HYMN 137. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Public Fast. Gen. xviii, 23—32.

1 WHEN Abrah'm full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood;
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued:—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace—
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in that place,
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul,
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain?

o 4 Still we are thine—we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
o Long has thy presence bless'd our land—
e Forsake us not, O God! SCOTT.

HYMN 138. L. M. *Worship.* [b]

Public Fast. Ezek. ix, 4—6.

e 1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name!
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears before thy throne.

e 2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all its horrours know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

o 3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,
We trample on thy sacred law:
p And though such wonders grace has done,
Anew we crucify thy Son.

e 4 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
a And bath'd in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood and seal our doom.

e 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

p 6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer;
Our nation shield, our country spare. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

Fast. God's Controversy. Mic. vi, 1—3.

e 1 LISTEN, ye hills; ye mountains hear;
Jehovah vindicates his laws;
Trembling in silence at his bar,
Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.

d 2 Israel appear; present thy plea;
And charge th' Almighty to his face;
Say, if his rules oppressive be;
Say, if defective be his grace.

e 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame;
b 'Tis ours in sackcloth to confess,
—And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
Thy mercies and our crimes appear,
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.

e 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What off'rings can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrours of thy brow?

e 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain;
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.

—7 But thy own Lamb all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay!
o Has sovereign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.

—8 With humble faith to that we fly;
With that may we be sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxv, 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ:
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horrour wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 141. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship. Ps. lxxxvii, 5.

e 1 AND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

o 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

—3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace!
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

e 4 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

—5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train;
o While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

g 6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 142. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;

g He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.

e 2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
o Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
o Fair Salem, still his chosen rest:
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

— 3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour, crown
This temple as thy dome—
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
o Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

—5 Here may th' attentive throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
o And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

—6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
g Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

HYMN 143. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ordination: Joshua the high Priest. Zech. iii, 6, 7.

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And thro' ten thousands sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

e 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
—Sucessive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise.

o 3 The heav'nly natives with delight
Hover around the sacred place;
Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues
The wonders of redeeming grace.

—4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
o With them, thro' distant worlds they fly;
e With them, before thy presence stand.

o 5 O glorious hope! O blest employ!
e Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joy and honour share?

—6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
g And half their heaven shall here be known.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 144. L. M. *Whitchurch.* [*]

Ordination. Ministers a sweet savour to God. 2 Cor. ii, 15, 16

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
e While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side:
—Balmy and rich the odours rise,
o And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

— 2 Ten thousand dying souls,
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
o They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
o Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.

e 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
That brings salvation nigh:
They turn their face away,
a And faint, and fall, and die.
p So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore,
a For O! they fall to rise no more.

— 4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A savour sweet to thee;
o Supremely bright thy grace shall shine,
e Guarded with flames of wrath divine. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 145. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]

Gospel Ministry instituted by Christ. Eph. iv, 11, 12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.

4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, tho' with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long—extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
o While guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

o 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

—7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
o Pastors and people shout his praise,
g Thro' the long round of endless days. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 146. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Gospel Treasure in earthen vessels.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share?

e 3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace,
Are lodg'd in urns of clay;
—And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

e 4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
o Yet grace the victory gives;
e Quickly they moulder back to earth—
o Yet still the gospel lives.

—5 Such wonders power divine effects,
o Such trophies God can raise;
—His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
o His monuments of praise. SALISBURY COL.

HYMN 147. L. M. *Carthage.* [* b]

Prayer for a sick Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirit down:
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our wo-fraught heart relief.

3 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day. EVAN'S COL.

HYMN 148. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Death of a Minister.

1 HIS master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go:

And in desponding accents said,
e "Ah! what must Israel do?"

—2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts,
Would soon be made his own.

d 3 What—when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies—
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

o 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;
—And shall be fed with what he gives,
g Who lives for evermore. COWPER.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b *]

Death of a Minister.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

e 2 What tho' the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
p What tho' the prophet and the priest,
Be number'd with the dead?—

—3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute the instructive tongue;—

o 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eyes still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

d 5 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

o 6 Thro' every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
e When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 150. C. M. *Colchester.* [*]

Christ the Refuge of the Church.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
e And bore our sins and pains;
g Now, seated on th' eternal throne—
The God of glory reigns!

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
o His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

—4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
o Affords a hiding place, and shield,
From enemies and storms.

—5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
o To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.

e 6 How glorious he!—how happy they!—
In such a glorious friend!
o Whose love secures them all the way,
o And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Moreton.* [* b]

Covenant engagements joyfully recognised. 2 Chron. xv, 15.

o 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice,
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

e 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
o Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

d 3 'Tis done:—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me—and I follow'd on—
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

—4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
e Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 152. C. P. M. *Bradbury.* [*]

Covenant Everlasting.

o 1 NOW for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

—2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in his Son.

g 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God:
—That none his cov'nant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
e And ratify'd in blood.

o 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
And hellish powers assail:
g Eternal walls are my defence,
Environ'd with Omnipotence—
What foe can e'er prevail?

—5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r;
d My soul their wrath disdains:
g In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
While cov'nant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 153. 11s. *Idumea.* [*]

Church in Affliction. Isa. xlix, 14—17.

e 1 ZION afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrours dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd.

o 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
—But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
o His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
d 3 "O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
"Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
"Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
4 "Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name,
"Engrav'd on my heart doth forever remain;
"The palms of my hands while I look on I see,
"The wounds I receiv'd when suff'ring for thee.
5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and my groans,
"For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
"In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels the pain—
"Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
"My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
"In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
"To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

JAY'S COL.

HYMN 154. 8 & 7. *Love Divine.* [*]

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii, 25.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious Kingdom bring,
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne. MADAN'S COL

HYMN 155. L. M. *Islington.* [b]

Christ's Address to the Church at Ephesus. Rev. ii, 1—7.

1 THUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
And thus he speaks to some of us;

d "Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
And hold the pastors in my hand.
2 "Thy works to me are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil I own;
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
Dost thou forget my love to thee,
That thine is grown so faint to me?
4 "Recall to mind the happy days,
When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise;
Repent—thy former works renew,
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loss lament,
I warn before I strike:—Repent."
e 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith,
To him who overcomes by faith;
o "The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In Paradise his food shall be." NEWTON.

HYMN 156. C. M. *York.* [*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna. Rev.ii,11.

1 THE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace;
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.
2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great FIRST and LAST,
Who ever lives—though once he died!
d "Hold thy profession fast.
3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,
Perform'd and borne for me;
Poor though thou art, despis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?
4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,
How long they have blasphem'd;
The synagogue of Satan, they,
Though they would Jews be deem'd.
5 "Though Satan for a season rage,
And prisons be your lot:
I am your friend, and I engage
You shall not be forgot.

6 " Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few short days of strife ;
Behold the prize you soon shall wear,
A crown of endless life."
e 7 Hear what the Holy Spirit saith
Of all who overcome ;
o " They shall escape the second death,
e The sinner's awful doom !" NEWTON.

HYMN 157. 7 & 6. *Clark's. Hymn 5th.* [b *]
Christ's Address to the Church at Sardis. Rev. iii, 1–6.

d 1 " WRITE to Sardis, saith the Lord,
And write what he declares ;
He whose Spirit, and whose Word,
Upholds the seven stars ;
All thy works and ways I search,
Find thy zeal and love decay'd ;
Thou art call'd a living church,
But thou art cold and dead.
2 " Watch—remember—seek, and strive,
Exert thy former pains :
Let thy timely care revive,
And strengthen what remains :
Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,
Former times to mind recall ;
Lest my sudden stroke descend,
And smite thee once for all.
3 Yet I number now in thee,
A few who are upright ;
These my Father's face shall see,
And walk with me in white :
When in judgment I appear,
They for mine shall stand confess'd :
Let my faithful servants hear,
And wo be to the rest." COWPER.

HYMN 158. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]
Christ's Address to the Church at Philadelphia. Rev. iii, 7—13.

1 THUS saith the Holy One, and true
To his beloved faithful few ;
" Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut or open as I please.
2 " I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love ;

Go on my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
3 "Before thee see my mercy's door
Stands open wide to shut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.
4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast;
Thy trying hour will soon be past:
Rejoice—for lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.
g 5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love:
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt forever have a place."
—6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord;
Let him who hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith. NEWTON.

HYMN 159. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b]

Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea. Rev. iii, 14—20.

d 1 HEAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness, says;
He form'd the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.
2 To some he speaks as once of old,
d "I know thee—thy profession's vain;
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
I'll spit thee from me with disdain.
3 "Thou boastest 'I am wise and rich,
Increas'd in goods, and nothing need;'
And dost not know thou art a wretch,
Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.
4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
My message is in mercy sent;
That thou may'st my compassion prove,
I can forgive if thou repent.
5 "Would'st thou be truly rich and wise,
Come buy my gold in fire well try'd;
My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
My robe, thy nakedness to hide.
6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock;
Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?

Quickly thy stubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.
7 "Thou canst not entertain a king,
Unworthy thou of such a guest!
But I my own provision bring,
To make thy soul a heav'nly feast. NEWTON.

HYMN 160. S. M. *Newton.* [*]
Promise to Believers and their children.

1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.
2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.
3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.
4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,—
Which closer still engage their hearts,
To honour thy commands.
e 5 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.
o 6 Our offspring still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
o And sound thy praise abroad. SALISBURY COL

HYMN 161. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]
Christ's condescending Regard to Little Children.
Mark x, 14.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
e Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
d 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

o 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
—4 Ye little flock with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
o And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.
e 5 If orphans they are left behind,
— Thy guardian care we trust;
e That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
a If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 162. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Infants given to God in Baptism. Isa. lxv, 23.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.
e 2 O what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
— 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine. FELLOWS.

HYMN 163. C. M. *York.* [*]

Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii, 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
d 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those who early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
e 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?

What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

d 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
o 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 164. L. M. *Gloucester.* [*]

Early Piety. Matt. xii, 20.

1 HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he wont despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail,
Between the pow'rs of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' press'd with fears on ev'ry side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto vict'ry send. STENNET.

HYMN 165. C. M. *Wareham.* [b *]

Young Persons entreated.

e 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

—2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

d 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
e Your youth is stained with many crimes,
o But mercy reigns above.
d 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
—5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
p For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.
—6 We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach. COWPER.

HYMN 166. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [b *]

Prayer for young Persons.

1 NOW may fervent prayer arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

e 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
e See themselves—and look on thee.
—3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
4 Show them what their ways have been;
Show them the desert of sin;
e Then thy dying love reveal;
This shall melt a heart of steel.
—5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
—6 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love. NEWTON.

HYMN 167. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Prayer for Children.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, our children see;
By thy mercy *we* are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?

2 Israel's infants, when of old,
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold;
d Then thy Messenger, said "No:
"Let the children also go."

e 3 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;—

o 4 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
Where the bloody sign was plac'd:
e Hear us now upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these.

e 5 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight.

—6 Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them safe beneath thy wings:
e Lest the rav'nous birds of prey
Seize and bear the brood away. COWPER

HYMN 168. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [b]

Surrender to infinite Love.———SACRAMENTAL.

1 WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
s O how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

e 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labours came;
—Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

e 3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procur'd:
o Death and Satan are defeated,
By the suff'rings he endur'd.

o 4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

—5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
o All my pow'rs without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

—6 Jesus, fit me for thy service,
Form me for thyself alone;
e I am thy most costly purchase;
Take possession of thy own. LEE.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Christ's Flesh Meat indeed. SACRAMENTAL. John vi, 53—56.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me—each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine. STENNET.

HYMN 170. C. M. *York. Barby.* [*]

Welcome to the Table. SACRAMENTAL.

1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine,
Were press'd to fill the cup.

o 2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed;
—Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
e For JESUS is the bread!

e 3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them;
d "Ye trembling souls appear!
"The righteous in their own esteem,
"Have no acceptance here.

4 "Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
"The banquet spread for you;"
e Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
o Then I may venture too.

—5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
o Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face. COWPER.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Gloucester.* [b *]

Christ Crucified. SACRAMENTAL.

1 WHEN on the cross, my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me;
—Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
e I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
p But see,—he bows his head and dies!

—3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
a Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood!
e Behold his side, and venture near;
—The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

e 5 Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
o Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy Name.

o 6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
d And Satan trembles at the sound. NEWTON.

HYMN 172. C. M. *Barby.* [b *]

Jesus hasting to suffer. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 THE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast;
—When hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest!

o 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross:
e He longs to be baptiz'd with blood!
He pants to reach the cross!

e 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,
o Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

e 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can!
o Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation, to the dying MAN,
g And to the rising GOD!

—5 And while thy bleeding glories here,
Engage our wond'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
o And hasten to the skies. COWPER.

HYMN 173. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

It is finished. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
o See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
d "It is finish'd!"—
e Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

d 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
o Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
d It is finish'd!—
—Saints, the dying words record.

—3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
d It is finish'd!
—Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

o 4 Ransom'd ones, approach the table—
Taste the soul reviving food:
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
d It is finish'd—
—Christ has borne the heavy load.
o 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
o All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name,
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! BURDER's Col.

HYMN 174. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*b]

It is good to be here. SACRAMENTAL.

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
a Weep—and love my life away!
e While I see him on the tree,
a Weep—and bleed—and die for me!
—2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
p Ah, my soul, behold the load!
a Hast thou slain the Lamb of God!
d 3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
"Father, let the sinner live:
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
"I thy ransom freely pay."
—4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd;
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
d 5 Farewell, world, the gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding Cross;
—Jesus died to set me free,
From the law, and sin, and thee!
6 He has dearly bought my soul,
Lord, accept, and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
e Now no more my own, but thine. NEWTON.

HYMN 175. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

The Fountain of Life. SACRAMENTAL.

1 HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!

Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure, and still they flow,
For all our wo a sov'reign cure.

o 2 Blest be His wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood shall make us clean
From ev'ry sin—and fit for God.

— 3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
o That Jew and Greek, with rapt'rous songs,
On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv, 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer sing,
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd,
e How holy, and how plain!
—Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Thro' all the path are found.

o 4 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

o 5 These garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

g 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 177. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]

Safety and Happiness of Zion. Isa. xxxiii, 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
e He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
g On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

o 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
e Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
—Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray. NEWTON.

HYMN 178. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

God the Defence of Zion. Ezek. xlviii, 35.

1 AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
d "So will I guard Jerusalem."

e 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's esteem?
a Who built it?—Who inhabits there?

—3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners, whom he calls his own.

4 There, tho' besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd, and guarded well;

o From age to age they have defi'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.

e 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
o This city has a sure defence;
d Her name is call'd, "THE LORD IS THERE;"
e And who has power to drive Him thence?

COWPER.

HYMN 179. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]

Future Peace and Glory of Zion. Isa. lx, 15, 20.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken;
e "O my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
o Fair abodes I build for you:
—Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
d You shall name your walls SALVATION,—
— And your gates shall all be praise."

b 2 There like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
—For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
o God will rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
g He the Lord will be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

HYMN 180. L. M. *Worship.* [b]

Prayer for Zion.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

e 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;

—Till thy own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

e 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
—For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

e 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
e See what wide realms in darkness lie,
—And hurl their idols to the ground.

o 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 181. L. M. *Blendon.* [b*]

Prayer for Zion's Increase. Isa. li, 9.

d 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
—And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
d "I am Jehovah—God alone!"
—Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

e 3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
e The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

o 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend,
Let Mahomet's impostures end;
Break superstition's Papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

o 5 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold,
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.

g 6 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL. Miss. Col.

HYMN 182. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Longing for the promised Spread of the Gospel. Dan. ii, 45.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
e Insulted—everlasting King!
—The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

e 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day!
o When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

—3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The STONE cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended Image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;
And superstition's gloomy reign,
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
o Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And Infidelity asham'd,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons,
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

g 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend;
—And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend. VOKE.

HYMN 183. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

Prayer for the Success of Missions. Ps. lxxii, 7, 8.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
o Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

o 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd—
g A blooming Paradise.

—3 True holiness shall strike its root,
In each regen'rate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heav'nly fruits impart.

e 4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.

—5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;

o Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

e 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;

g Amen—with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply. GIBBONS.

HYMN 184. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

o 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

g 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread—
The spacious earth around;
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

p 4 O when shall *Afric's* sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word?
And vassals long enslav'd become
The freemen of the Lord!

e 5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love:
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt,
To spread the gospel's rays!
g And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise. RIPPON.

HYMN 185. 10s. *Walworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.

1 LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy hear,
Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind:
O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far region's Jacob's sons restore,
Oppress'd by man, and scourg'd by thee, no more;
Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heavenly grace,
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.

3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground;
The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.

4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring;
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,
And light and love the yielding bosom charm:
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace and goodness, show'r from balmy skies.

5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son:
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the Gospel's light.

6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies:
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea. DWIGHT.

HYMN 186. C. M. *Bethlehem.* [*]

Zion exalted above the Hills. Isa. xxii, 4.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise—
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

o 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall the whole world command.

e 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
o His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

e 5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
—To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

o 6 Come then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
g And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

HYMN 187. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Millennium. Isa. xi, 5—9. Rev. xx, 4—10.

1 LOOK up, my soul, with glad surprise,
Towards the joyful, coming day;
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a glorious day.

o 2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
—The saints shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mingled with their joy.

b 3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
—And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sev'ral rights no more ;
o But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sov'reign to adore.
—5 Thus, till a thousand years are pass'd,
And Satan must be loos'd again ;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
a Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.
o 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince is gone ;
s Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with a conqueror's crown. ANON.

HYMN 188. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 WITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
o 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim ;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
—3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know ;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
o 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
Praise him all ye hosts above ;
s Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love. FRANCIS.

HYMN 189. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Charitable Collection. 1 Chron. xxix, 14.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own ;
We praise thy providential grace,
That showers its blessings down.
o 2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne ;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
e 3 Accept this humble mite,
Great sovereign Lord of all ;
Nor let our num'rous mingling sins
The sacred ointment spoil.

— 4 Let the Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtue's wide:
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

e 5 O may this sacrifice
To thee the Lord ascend,
—An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

o 6 Well pleas'd our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And, in a plentiful reward,
Fulfil his promises. SCOTT.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

The Good Samaritan. Luke x, 30—37.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

b 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo.

e 3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid;
p Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
o And swift our hands to aid.

—4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies;
And midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

o 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
e And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 191. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Nature and Fruits of Charity.

1 O CHARITY, thou heav'nly grace!
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd!

2 The man of charity extends
To all his lib'ral hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends
His pity may command.

e 3 He aids the poor in their distress;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
He loves to give relief.

o 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

—6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
o Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
e And love as angels do. PROUD.

HYMN 192. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Relieving Christ in his Members. Matt. xxv, 40.

e 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties! how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

g 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
e What can my poverty bestow—
When all the worlds are thine?

—3 But thou hast brethren here below;
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

e 4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd,
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

—5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
I, in the poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 193. 8 & 7. [*]

A Charity Hymn.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory, unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling,
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love thro' all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light,
So the scorn'd and humble station,
Shrinks before thine equal sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:—

4 "When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
"Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind,
"To the poor belongs the treasure
"Of the scatter'd ears behind."

CHORUS.

"These thy God ordains to bless,
"The widow and the fatherless."

5 "When thine olive plants increasing,
"Pour their plenty o'er thy plain;
"Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
"But not search the bough again."
CHORUS.—"These, &c."

6 "When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
"Gladdens thy autumnal scene;
"Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
"But thy vines the poor shall glean."
CHORUS.—"These, &c."

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

HYMN 194. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Meeting of Christian Friends.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

o 2 To you and us by grace is giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

—3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When christians see each other thus;
e We only wish to speak of HIM,
a Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

e 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

—6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
o And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 195. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Parting of Christian Friends.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

e 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

— 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
e And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

e 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
—But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

o 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

— 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
g And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity. FAWCETT.

HYMN 196. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. Ann's.* [*]
A Marriage Hymn.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

e 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

—3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

c 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burthens light,
By taking mutual share.

—5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
e And die in friendship join'd.

6 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
o May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 197. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]
A Marriage Hymn.

1 (COME, thou condescending Jesus!
Thou hast blest a marriage feast;

Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honour'd guest.

2 Once at Cana's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.)

e 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
—May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

4 Thou can'st change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
e But we ask a greater favour—
May they be forever thine.

—5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

e 7 Often from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest FRIEND.

—8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion,
Guide them safe to realms on high.

e 9 When by death's cold hand divided,
Which dissolves the tenderest ties;
—By thy grace again united,
May they in thy image rise.

o 10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;
Come and with thy presence bless us,
Make us subjects of thy grace. CODMAN'S COL.

HYMN 198. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

A Family Hymn.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace,

From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

e 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

—3 To thee may each united House,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants here, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

o 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
g While pleased, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

e 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

—3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

o 4 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below:
Praise him above, angelic host;—
g Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN.

HYMN 200. 7s. *Pleyel's.* [*]

A Morning Hymn.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help us labour, help us pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
o Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. HART. COL.

HYMN 201. L. M. *Worship. Sicilian.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest;
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whence all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN.

HYMN 202. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of Prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine;
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

o 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

c 3 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

—4 From evil secure, and its dread;
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.

o 5 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend;
o And wells of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend. TOPLADY.

HYMN 203. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

e 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
—And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

e 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest;
b In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

o 4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking, or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

o 5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim;
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless the Sacred Name.

e 6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
Thy growing work pursue;
s And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due. LIV. COL.

HYMN 204. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]

Daily Duties. Dependence and Enjoyment. Rom. xiv, 8.—*Morning or Evening.*

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name:
Then, JESUS, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help, nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity, and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills, that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed:
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
"To see thy face, and sing thy praise."

HYMN 205. C. M. *Barby. St. Ann's.* [* b]

Religion the One Thing needful.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern,
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies. FAWCETT.

HYMN 206. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray;

And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

e 2 Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
— 'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
e Soft music hails the lovely spring,
o And woods and fields rejoice.

—3 How kind the influence of the skies!
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

e 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

g 5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

e 6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
—Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

• 7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
s And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song. STEELE.

HYMN 207. 8s. *Uxbridge.* [*]

Spring.

1 HOW sweetly along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen!
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green!

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,—
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

e 3 Shall man the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
d Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.

g 4 The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,

My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

HYMN 208. C. M. *Doxology.* [*]

Summer: A Harvest Hymn.

1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

g 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

o 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

e 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

o 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope. RIPPON.

HYMN 209. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

Prayer for Rain.

1 NOW may the Lord of earth and skies
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise
And showers abundant fall.

2 On thee, our God, we all depend,
For life, and health, and food?
O make refreshing showers descend,
And crown the year with good.

3 The evil and the just partake,
These bounties of thy hand;
Nor will a God of love forsake,
This long indulged land.

4 Let grace come down, like copious rains,
On Zion's drooping field?
So shall our souls revive again,
And fruit abundant yield.

o 5 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays. BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [* b]

Autumn.

1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field,
Mark—how the whitening hills are turn'd!
Behold them to the reapers yield,—
The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.

e 2 Thus the great Judge with glory crown'd
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth;
g Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
d "Go search around the flaming world;
"Haste—call my saints to rise, and take
"The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 "Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
"In flames, unquench'd consume each tare;
"Sinners must feel my holy ire,
"And sink in guilt—to deep despair."

a 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth:—
—Angels obey the awful voice;
d They save the wheat—they burn the chaff;—
g All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN 211. C. M. *Hymn 2.* [b *]

Winter.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encirling nature round;
p How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

e 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad;
p Confin'd in cold inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!

—4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

o 5 O happy state—divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

g 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore;
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winters frown no more.

HYMN 212. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Swiftness of Time. New Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound,
Of the revolving year;
c How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear.

d 2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

e 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

—4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

o 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 213. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Help obtained of God. New Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand!
The opening year thy mercy shews;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

e 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

—3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

e 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
g *Our Helper*, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 214. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]

Goodness of God. New Year.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing;
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good—his mercy never ending;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills:
Ye seraphs bright, on ever blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known:
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness—never ceasing.

3 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil and wine,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuses ev'ry blessing.

e 4 Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL'S face—
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
o In sacred strains, exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

— 5 His mercy never ends—the dawn, the shade
Still see new beauties thro' new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God.
e The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

s 6 Burst into praise, my soul, all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
e While human years are measur'd by the sun,
And while ETERNITY its course shall run—
g His goodness, in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 215. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
o Awake and praise that sovereign love,
That shews salvation nigh.

—2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
o Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

—3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
To our admiring eyes.

o 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
e Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
—Fast as ye bring the night of death,
o Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 216. L. M. *Carthage.* [b]

Importance of Time.

e 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh:
How few will estimate a day!
e Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
a The soul neglected—and undone.

—2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

e 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

d 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth; but soon to be—
The heirs of immortality.

—5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you your seeds to sow;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
In future worlds, is bliss, and pain.

e 6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through;
—And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let ev'ry day amend the past. SCOTT.

HYMN 217. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Serious prospect of Eternity.

e 1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand—
p Yet how insensible!
—A point of time—a moment's space—
o Removes me to yon heavenly place,
e Or—shuts me up in hell!

—2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—
o Wake me to righteousness.

—3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day;
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
e And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

—4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

o 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with thee above;
g Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 218. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

Eternity joyfully anticipated.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavour!
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.

e 3 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,—
—When to life thou wilt restore us:
o Lingering ages haste away.

4 When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on:
—Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy glorious will be done. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 219. C. M. *Plymouth.* [b]

Old Age approaching.

1 ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high!
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
e My friends, my young companions gone—
Can I expect to stay?

s 4 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?

Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

—5 Ah, no!—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

o 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay:—

o 7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim;
g And join the choir of saints, who sound
Their great Redeemer's name. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 220. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Warning to prepare for Death.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent!—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. HART.

HYMN 221. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Judgment appointed to All. Heb. ix, 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:

One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down—
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
e Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry funeral knell!

3 Once you must die—and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh:
For know, that heav'n or hell are hung,
On that important day!

4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word—and ev'ry thought—
Must pass his scrutiny.

—5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
o And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 222. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Desiring to depart and be with Christ. Phil. i, 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay;
And longs to wing its flight away.

o 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
—Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

e 3 The blissful interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet;
o Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

—4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 223. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [D*]

Death welcomed: Heaven anticipated.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vail,
And soar to worlds on high:—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

o 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

e 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

o 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
o They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

—7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 224. L. M. *Carthage.* [b *]

Death of the Sinner and Saint.

1 WHAT scenes of horrour and of dread—
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrours all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night!

e 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest:
o Death strikes the blow—he groans and cries—
And, in despair and horrour—dies.

—4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss:
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

b 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrours in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

—6 Lord make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last. FAWCETT.

HYMN 225. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Infants, living or dying, in the Arms of Christ.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

2 With joy I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

d 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
"Protection they shall find in me—
"In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
"But can't dissolve my love;
"Millions of infant souls compose
"The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
"And mould with heav'nly skill:
"I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
"And hands to do my will."

o 6 His words, ye happy parents, hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
d Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be forever thine. STENNETT.

HYMN 226. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

On the Death of Children. Isa. iv, 5.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,

Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie;
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view,
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No name of daughters and of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight,
"*My children* all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which, thro' our hearts,
Prepare a way to thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 227. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [*]

Death of a Young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

o 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
—6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour. STEELE.

HYMN 228. C. M. *Zion.* [*]

Death of Pious Friends. 1 Thess. iv, 13, 14.

1 TAKE comfort, christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Then why dejected weep?
2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.
3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead;
o So his disciples rise and reign,
With their triumphant head.
e 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
g And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
—5 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
o The graves, shall yield their ancient charge;
And earth's foundation shake.
o 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
—The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
7 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore;
o Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more. SCOTCH PAR

HYMN 229. C. M. *St. Paul's.* [b *]

The Christian's Farewell.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.

o 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief,
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

g 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 230. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Death Gain to a Believer.

1 HOW blest is our friend—now bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy his soul—that has left
This wearisome body behind?
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now—
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This *earth* is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war with the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from those eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, shall I not ere long become,
My spirit created anew—
My body consign'd to the tomb! WHITEFIELD.

HYMN 231. L. M. *Sicilian.* [b *]

A Funeral Hymn.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pair, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

e 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

o 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
o Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord. WATTS.

HYMN 232. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv, 52—58.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake—

When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake ;—

o 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

—3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfill'd—
o That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd quit the field.

o 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing ;
d "Oh grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
And where, O Death ! thy sting !

5 "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt ;
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart ;
The law gave sin its strength, and force,
To pierce the sinner's heart.

6 "But God, whose name be ever blest !
Disarms that foe we dread ;
And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,
Through Christ our living head."

—7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around ;
And in the work prescrib'd by God,
Yet more and more abound.

o 8 Assur'd, that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain ;
But through the grace of heav'ns great Lord,
The eternal crown shall gain.) SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 233. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Last Tempest.

e 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies ;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise ;—

o 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
e My harp all trembling in my hand,
e And all inspir'd my tongue.

d 3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,
" And shake the sullen sky;
" Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
" In angry murmurs try.

4 " Let the earth totter on her base,
" And clouds the heavens deform;
" Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
" And rush the final storm!"

—5 Come quickly, blessed HOPE, appear—
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

o 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part;
g All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart. BYLES.

HYMN 234. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [*]

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO, he comes—the King of glory!
With his chosen tribes to reign;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty conqueror's train;
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.

g 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—
All the nations fill'd with dread!
e Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming
Through the mansions of the dead—
d " Come to judgment—
Stand before the Son of Man!"

—3 Now behold the dead awaking;
Great and small before him stand;
Not one soul forgot, or missing;
None his orders countermand:
a All stand waiting—
For their last decisive doom!

—4 Hear the Chief among ten thousand
Thus address his faithful few;
d " Come ye blessed of my Father,
" Heaven is prepared for you;
" I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
" And ye minister'd to me."

e 5 But how awful is the sentence,
d "Go from me, ye cursed race—
"To that place of endless torment,
"Never more to see my face:
"I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
"Ye to me no mercy shew'd."

—6 Now awake ye slumbering virgins,
Trim your lamps; the bridegroom's near,
Let your loins with truth be girded,
Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear:
Mark! the fig-tree,
Budding, shows the summer's near.

e 7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
Though thy wrath o'er sinners roll;
In this general wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul:
d Jesus, save me! Jesus, save me! when the light'nings
Blaze around from pole to pole.

HYMN 235. 8, 7, & 4. *Helmsley.* [b *]

The Day of Judgment.

e 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
d Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
e How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

g 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
—You who long for his appearing,
d Then shall say, "This GOD is mine."
e Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

o 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea,
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
p Careless sinner,
What then will become of thee?

e 4 Horrours past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
d "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

"Thou with Satan
"And his angels, have thy part!"

—5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
d He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow:
"You forever
"Shall my love and glory know."

—6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches—
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
o We shall triumph—
g When the world is in a blaze! NEWTON.

HYMN 236. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

TE DEUM. *A General Hymn of Praise.*

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all on earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim, and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
"Whom heavenly hosts obey;
"The world is with the glory fill'd
"Of thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee;
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost the spring
Of never ceasing joy; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King. PATRICK.

HYMN 237. 8s. *Drummond.* [*]

Our God forever and ever.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable FRIEND;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
2 'Tis Jesus the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

ASCRIPTIONS.

7s.

1 GLORY to the Father's name;
Jesus' excellence proclaim;
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise;
Angels, swell the notes we raise!

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8, 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the Heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

8 & 7.

GLORY, honour, praise and power
To the Lamb be ever paid:
Let new blessings every hour
Rest on his adored head.

5 & 6.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

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